

TIME

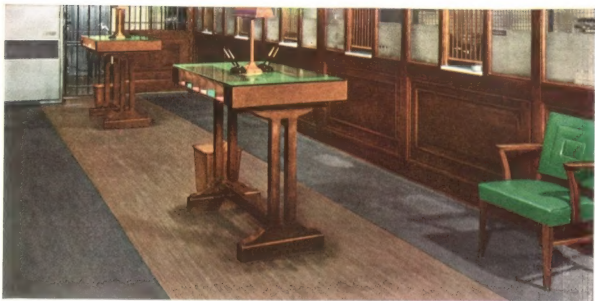
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



James R. Johnson

CHARTRES' MADONNA & CHILD

A witness to the truth.



The new floor saved the cost of major remodeling



EXTENSIVE alterations had been planned for this bank, but high costs and restrictions on materials caused the officers to postpone major remodeling. They did decide, however, to replace the old floor, since it was badly worn. Their selection for the new floor was Armstrong's Rubber Tile.

The new floor proved to be a wise investment in more ways than one. The rich beauty of Armstrong's Rubber Tile seemed to take years off the architectural style of the interior. It made the existing fixtures and furnishings look better, gave the place a friendlier, more inviting atmosphere.

The photographs show the decorative advantages this bank gained with a new floor of Armstrong's Rubber Tile—but there are other advantages the picture can't show.

Armstrong's Rubber Tile is a durable

floor that can take concentrated traffic without losing its beauty. It's easy to clean, too. Damp mopping at the end of the day is all the routine care required. Periodic washing and waxing quickly restore its luster. Add in the underfoot comfort and quiet provided by the cushioning action of Armstrong's Rubber Tile, and you get an idea of its excellent value.

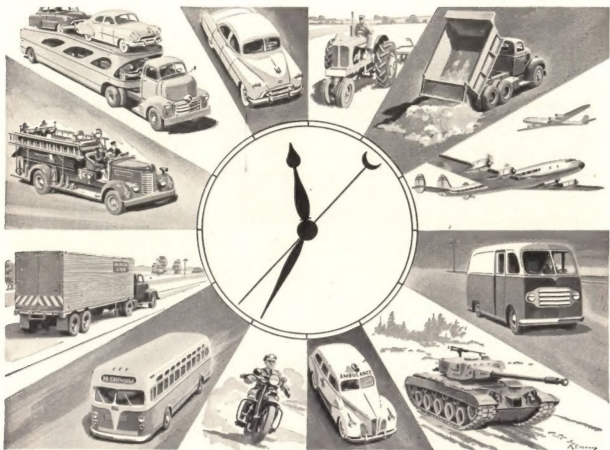
Perhaps a new floor of Armstrong's Rubber Tile is all you need to "remodel" your place of business. The way this floor goes down tile by tile makes it easy to create floor designs to suit any taste. Ask your Armstrong contractor to show you color samples and give you a cost estimate.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Linoleum, Asphalt Tile, Linoleum, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these floors has its own special advantages. Each has been developed to meet various cost, style, and subfloor requirements.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you compare the features of each type of resilient floor and choose the one best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5112 Fulton Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



ARMSTRONG'S RUBBER TILE



ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND

Every minute of every day this vital ingredient of gasoline helps millions of gasoline engines do more work... and do it more economically

The power that America gets from its millions of gasoline engines is more important than ever. Today 70% of passenger-car mileage is essential. 75% of the nation's freight—much of it defense material—is moved by truck. Buses carry 25,000,000 passengers daily. Most all of the engines that power these vehicles run on gasoline. And, of course, it is gasoline that keeps our air transport flying and most of our military equipment rolling.

These engines are able to do more work, do it faster and more economically, because the gasoline they use contains a few drops of antiknock compound. Right now about 98% of the gasoline produced by U. S. refiners contains antiknock fluid to boost its octane number.

Higher octane gasoline makes possible higher compression engines—which provide higher performance and develop more work from every gallon of fuel. Without high octane gasoline these engines would knock or "ping"—lose power, overheat, and run up big repair bills.

So, you see, there isn't a moment of the day when antiknock compound isn't doing a job somewhere for our country. A product you never see is tremendously important, both in our daily lives and in helping to meet the demands of the defense program.

ETHYL CORPORATION, New York 17, N. Y.
Manufacturers of "ETHYL" antiknock fluid



Pikes Peak, Colorado, near the famous resort, Colorado Springs, showing the turning, twisting course which rises to a height of 14,110 feet.



"World's Toughest Uphill Race" Proves **CHAMPIONS** Tops For Sustained Power

AL ROGERS' 5th Victory
scores 24th consecutive win
for dependable CHAMPIONS.



The Pikes Peak Hill Climb is the world's toughest uphill race. Starting at an altitude of 7415 feet, it runs 12½ miles over 120 hairpin turns and switchbacks, ending at an elevation of 14,110 feet!

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The record of dependable Champion Spark Plugs speaks for itself—24 consecutive victories—performance unmatched by any other spark plug. The qualities that made this record breaking performance possible will make your car perform better, too. So insist on Champions every time!

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*The Sign of
Dependable
Service!*



LETTERS

Man of the Year?

Sir:

... 1951 belongs to Joseph Stalin. What other leader has succeeded so well in harassing his opponents in so many areas with so little expenditure of his own men and money?

ELIZABETH L. ROCKWELL

Saginaw, Mich.

Sir:

... I hereby nominate Secretary of State Dean Acheson ...

NIGEL BRUCE

Malibu, Calif.

Sir:

... Pope Pius XII.

GÉRARD LANGLOIS

Quebec City, Canada

Sir:

... Arturo Toscanini.

WENDELL A. NELSON

Shamrock, Texas

Sir:

The choice seems unquestionably to lie between John Foster Dulles ... and Matthew Ridgway ...

DONALD V. ALLGEIER

San Marcos, Texas

Sir:

May I nominate that currently forgotten man, "The White Collar Worker"?

DAVID A. LEGG

Pensauken, N.J.

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TIME
December 24, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 28

TIME, DECEMBER 24, 1951



"I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT SCREAM!"

"My wife is a calm person, usually. But when that other car shot in front of us . . . well, I'll never forget her scream.

"I was just as scared, too. I jammed on the brake, pulled the wheel and prayed . . . for the longest seconds I've ever lived. We stopped inches from the other car.

"My wife really sobbed with relief . . . and I gave that youngster a bawling out that took the hide off him. Imagine, shooting out of a side road, right past a stop sign! What haunts me is the thought of what might have happened if I had been going just a little faster. . . .

"Sure, I was in the right. But what good would that have done if my wife, that kid and I had all been killed or crippled? Just what can a fellow do these days to protect himself and his family on the highway?"

There are three things you can do:

First, drive as though every other car owner on the highway were crazy.

Second, never be too proud to yield the right of way.

Third, protect yourself with sufficient insurance in a carefully selected company. No matter how "right" you are, a serious accident frequently means serious questions about liability.

Are you fully insured? You can trust your Liberty Mutual man to advise you soundly. He's a full-time company representative, well known and respected in your community. He's your representative, because this is a mutual concern, owned by its policyholders and managed in their interests. If you should be involved in an accident, a Liberty Mutual claims man will act to protect your interests. He's a highly trained specialist who knows his way through the complications of

accident claims. You can call on your Liberty Mutual team any time for any insurance need — from a word of advice about your protection to claims service after a serious accident, *wherever you may be*. There are 130 Liberty Mutual offices in the United States, Canada and Hawaii.

Does this kind of service add to the cost of your insurance? No! Liberty Mutual actually saves money by serving policyholders directly, and passing savings on to them. Substantial savings have reduced the cost of home and car insurance every year for Liberty Mutual policyholders. Would you like to know how much you could have saved? Just phone or write the nearest Liberty Mutual office.



★ Automobile, workmen's compensation, liability, fire, inland marine, accident and health, and crime insurance ★

Grooms hair so Handsomely yet hair looks so 'Natural'



**Never
Plastered
Down
No Obvious
Odor**

Kreml is the hair tonic preferred among top business and professional men because it grooms hair perfectly yet never leaves hair obviously plastered down with greasy dressings. Nothing can compare with

Kreml for distinguished, natural-looking hair grooming!



KREML *hair* Tonic
**PREFERRED AMONG
MEN AT THE TOP**

Man's Second-Best Friend

Sir:

In your Dec. 3 article on the Little River duck-tolling dogs, you say [they] are "thoroughbreds."

This term is usually associated with a specific breed of horses of English origin, and should rightfully be reserved for them . . .

SIMON KALISH

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir:

. . . A thoroughbred is a member of a specific breed of running horse, pedigreed descendants in the direct male line to one or other of three specific "founding fathers"—the Byerly Turk, imported into England in 1689, the Darley Arabian, in 1724, the Godolphin Arabian, in 1728.* All other "pedigreed" animals, whatever their genus, species, breed or variety, are "purebred" or "standardbred." Racing harness horses, pacers or trotters are standardbreds, no matter how much thoroughbred blood may have been used in that breed's creation. All dogs which are not cross-breeds or mongrels, but members of established recognized breeds, are purebred. So if . . . the Nova Scotian duck tollers are thoroughbreds, they can only be horses, not dogs, however cunning their disguise . . .

If you should be tempted to quote some dictionary in denial of the above, sometimes even the editors of Webster's are misled by or yield to vulgar use . . .

ELRIC B. DAVIS

Salt Lake City

¶ TIME admits that a purebred dog is a thoroughbred of another color.—Eo.

Miracles in the Air

Sir:

Your Dec. 3 revelation of the "Christ over Korea" picture as a fake was well worth the space it took up. Why, then, for lack of something worth seeing in your News in Pictures, did you, in the same issue, allow the very unexciting picture, Solar Miracle, to take up half of that page? I am very much interested in religious news, but, as a Protestant, I like to read a little more in TIME that does not link itself up with speeches and visions of Pope Pius XII.

REV. ROBERT E. BREGE (LUTHERAN)
Grand Haven, Mich.

Sir:

. . . It is pathetic when desperate people turn to such fabrications as these two "miracle" photographs to support their weak faith. It shows spiritual poverty when Christian leaders use and encourage such superstitions . . . See Mark 8:12† . . . True faith is something much deeper and much higher.

REV. GEORGE W. WALKER

Walden Presbyterian Church
Buffalo

Potter & God

Sir:

Your Dec. 3 issue has an article on Charles Francis Potter, humanist. After a singular career of not being able to make up his own mind, he wishes to win people to his latest way of thinking . . . Surely Mr. Potter must know from his study of the Bible that even St. Peter, whom God chose as His vicar on

* The Godolphin Arabian (sometimes called the Godolphin Barb) was said to have been pulling a water-cart in Paris when he was promoted and sent to England, where he was presented to the Earl of Godolphin.

† And He sighed deeply in His spirit and saith, Why doth this generation seek after a sign? Verily I say unto you, there shall no sign be given unto this generation.

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for all the family

the magnificent
Magnavox
radio-phonograph

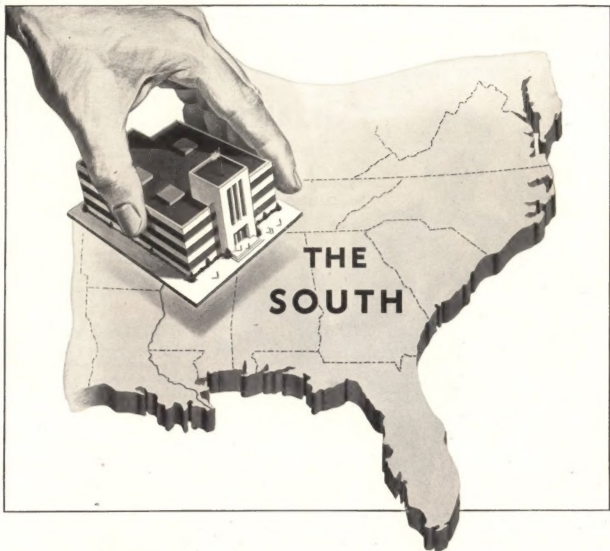
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to Europe on
PAN AMERICAN

than on any
other airline.

It's the
World's Most Experienced
Airline

★ *There's no time like*
the present
to be
reading
TIME



Put it there!

YES, right there in the modern industrial Southland. *That's* the place for your factory if you want to see it grow.

For man and nature have combined in this fabulous opportunity-land to make the South the most promising "industrial real estate" in all America today.

Along the Southern Railway System, there is room and reason for industries to grow... boundless natural resources... large and fast-expanding markets... a moderate climate... everything industry needs for sound, sturdy growth.

"Look Ahead—Look South!"

Ernest E. Harris
President



SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Southern Serves the South

"I Certainly enjoyed the S.S. America"

says

**Edward R.
Stettinius III**



And he adds, "The good food and service on the AMERICA added much to the pleasure of my trip. There was an atmosphere of complete friendliness on board. All Americans can certainly be proud of this beautiful ship."

Discriminating travelers like Mr. Stettinius are always high in their praise of the AMERICA. They agree that for solid comfort, rest, relaxation or gay excitement, the AMERICA is unexcelled.

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United States Lines

No finer service afloat or ashore



THE BEAUTIFUL S.S. AMERICA

earth, denied Christ three times before He was crucified?

... I believe man exists, but history has proved to me that I should not put too much faith in him.

R. J. SANDERS

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Sir:

... Dr. Potter says: "The great question in religion has been... do you believe in God? The great question of future religion will be—do you believe in man?" Perhaps if Dr. Potter... had a greater love and knowledge of God, he could have arrived at the simple answer to his question by realizing—why shouldn't we believe in man? God does.

CHARLES W. WELLS

Columbus, Ohio

Greetings

Sir:

Thank you for your Dec. 3 article, "Back to Chancery." Children who are taught only "Renaissance calligraphy" (we call it manuscript) learn to read much quicker, easier, and faster than when taught cursive writing. Also, children who are taught manuscript writing excel in spelling...

MARIE SCULLY MCWINEY

Concord, N.H.

Sir:

Convey, if you please, the Greetings of Chicago's Chancery fans to Lord Chalmersley and Lord Cockfield for their good work in a renaissance of fine writing. Also to Aubrey West for his research and promotional efforts...

Frank Langdon

John A. Weber

Fred S. Nemiya

Chicago

The Dead Baby (Cont'd)

Sir:

A nameless horror swept over me as I read of the inhumane treatment of Kee Chee [whose sick baby died in a bus—TIME, Nov. 26] and his family. Though these people are illiterate and can do only menial tasks, the breath of life and of free peoples is within them, and they should be treated as such.

Mary Chee's statement that "she couldn't do anything about it because she was a Navajo" is really a fine opening for Soviet propagandists...

DARWIN J. BAILEY

Lewistown, Pa.

Sir:

... It was not a Bear River City, Utah hospital, but Rupert General Hospital, Rupert, Idaho, where the Chees' baby was a patient. I was the infant's attending physician.

The Navajo beet worker, Kee Chee, did not do as he was told... He was told both by myself, the superintendent of the hospital, and the representative of the Amalgamated Sugar Co. which employed him, to leave the infant in the hospital. Moreover, Amalgamated and Minidoka County were paying and were willing to go on paying the infant's medical expenses. Notwithstanding this, Kee Chee and his wife insisted on taking the baby out of the hospital, and on their own responsibility, left with it on the chartered bus for their home in New Mexico... The Chees' reason for removing the baby—against professional advice—was that they wished to take it to their own tribal witch doctor.

A. F. DALLEY, M.D.

Rupert, Idaho

A LETTER FROM

Dear Time-Reader

Christmas comes to Australia in a month when vacationers are thinking of holidays on the beach, to Norway and Sweden during their long, frozen night and to us when soft snows seem to form a halo around every light and candle flame in the window. For the Russian Orthodox Church, Christmas falls 13 days later than ours.

Year after year, from many lands, our well-wishers have been sending cards like these to us at TIME during.....

With best Wishes for
a Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

From



Muy
Felices
Dias
cuas
Año
Nuevo

MELE
KALIKIMAKA

Greetings



Greetings



Ka Wa Hana
Greetings
Season's Greet



PHILIPPINE

ABEEM-A-DE
PAKISTAN

NATION

ANGEL=
T ONCE) TIME INC CHGO=
NEW YEAR GREETINGS
TE=

1950 - 1951

Feliz Navidad
Año Nuevo

Lo Dos

THE PUBLISHER

the Christmas season and on other holidays and feast days which are sacred to them.

On these two pages are reproduced a few of the messages we have received and which we would like to share with all of you.

May they carry to you the wishes of all of us at TIME for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

*With all kind Thoughts and
Good Wishes for a Happy
Christmas and a
Bright New Year.*

From

ABDULLAH FARJO

Ashar Bazaar Iraq.

BASRA

Dec 20th 1920



*Stop
Chicago
Happy New Year for*

*JOHN H. PARK
CROWFIELD HEATH
BRIDLEY ON THAMES.
ENGLAND*



Spreading Fours - Australia

New Year

McDowds



MERRY CHRISTMAS

*Compliments of a Good Wish
W.S. Barker*



Happy New Year



Feliz Natal



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

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INDEX

Cover Story... 33

News in Pictures... 18

Art..... 32	Miscellany..... 68
Books..... 63	Music..... 51
Business..... 55	National Affairs 11
Cinema..... 59	People..... 31
Education..... 40	Press..... 45
Foreign News... 25	Radio & TV... 53
Hemisphere... 30	Religion..... 37
International... 23	Science..... 38
Letters..... 2	Sport..... 50
Medicine..... 49	Theater..... 44
Milestones..... 52	War in Asia... 20

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Screenplay by MELVILLE SHAVELSON • Story by LEO ROSTEN



AMERICAN-Standard

First in heating...first in plumbing



NEW WALL-HUNG MODEL THE SANISTAND FIXTURE

*Another example of
AMERICAN-Standard
Leadership*

● When the original Sanistand fixture was first introduced 18 months ago, this modern urinal for women was hailed as the last word in modern rest room facilities.

But American-Standard designers and engineers are always seeking ways to improve American-Standard products and to create new ones.

The wall-hung version of the Sanistand urinal is their answer to the current trend for off-the-floor fixtures. And no maintenance man or building manager will deny that this latest Sanistand fixture makes rest rooms easier than ever to keep neat and clean.

Like the pedestal version, the new wall-hung model of the Sanistand fixture is made of genuine vitreous china in white and colors. It is completely sanitary in appearance and operation. Users need not sit on it

or touch the fixture in any way.

Any commercial, industrial, institutional, or public building will gain inestimable good will and at the same time greatly reduce the time and cost normally required for rest room upkeep by installing the Sanistand fixture—now available in both pedestal and wall-hung models.

If you would like more information about the Sanistand fixture, please write for a free copy of the Better Rest Room Guide.



American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation, Dept. T-121, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Hercules in a Hard Hat

King Augeas of Elis had 3,000 cattle, including twelve sacred white bulls. The stable in which he kept them had not been cleaned for 30 years. It may be assumed that some of the neighbors had begun to complain, and there was one cynical school of thought which held that the stables never would be cleaned. When Hercules agreed to clean the stables, Augeas was pleased—although he later gyped the strong man out of his reward.

But that is running ahead of this week's news. That New York's Federal Judge Thomas F. Murphy accepted President Truman's offer to take charge of an effort to clean wrongdoers out of the U.S. Government, Hercules (6 ft. 4 in., 245 lbs.) Murphy, whose derby and oldtime bartender's mustache give him a look of a man long accustomed to surmounting evil, has been in the Democratic stable-cleaning business for some time.

Before Truman paid any mind to the charges of Communist influence in Government, Murphy, an Assistant U.S. Attorney, began the prosecution of Alger Hiss. In spite of sneers and catcalls from Truman & Co., he won the Hiss case for the Government. That excellent performance got him no reward from the regular Democratic organization. New York's Mayor Impellitteri, after beating Tammany, appointed him Police Commissioner at a time when graft scandals were popping as fast as they now are in Washington. Truman, recognizing that Murphy was held in high public esteem, made him a federal judge.

Whether Murphy can clean the Washington stables between now and election is doubtful. Certainly he cannot, unless some of Truman's sacred white bulls are removed from their present stables.

INVESTIGATIONS

An Angry Man

After a half-hour conference with Harry Truman, Democratic National Chairman Frank E. McKinney busted out of the White House last week with the air of a hot-eyed reformer. The President, he said, was "angry over being sold down the river by some disloyal employees." There would be "drastic" action soon.

This setting of the stage was enough to jam 168 reporters into the President's press conference two days later. With a



Associated Press

THOMAS F. MURPHY

What will happen to the bulls?

tight-lipped grin, Truman said he had nothing to announce, but he understood there were questions. The Washington Post's Edward Folliard opened the show: "Chairman McKinney told us you are planning to take drastic action toward a Government housecleaning."

Truman took the cue, but he abandoned McKinney's reformer line. Instead of showing indignation at the evildoers, the President seemed to have saved it for the U.S. press; his main points at the conference were to minimize the scandals and to insist that his Administration, not congressional committees, deserved the credit for what housecleaning has been done. In answering Reporter Folliard, he said that continued drastic action was a better phrase than drastic action. There is really nothing unusual or new in the current situation in Washington. This sort of thing is going on all the time. Some people go wrong and are fired. Oh, the trouble may be a little higher up in some places now, but a look at the record will show that there isn't any more of it.

All the wrongdoers were discovered and punished by the executive department long ago, and then congressional committees moved in and got a lot of headlines. "Wrongdoers," said Truman, "have no house with me..."*

To Show Honesty. The astonished reporters knew that, in many respects, the record did not support what Harry Truman was saying. In the past four months, 62 officers and employees of the Internal Revenue Bureau have been fired from their jobs. So far this year, the total is 113, including six regional collectors, key men in the system. In the twelve months of 1950, only 40 internal revenue employees were fired. Annual average for the past five years: 36. Exposures of corruption in the bureau can be traced clearly to the campaign started on May 28, 1948 by Delaware's Republican Senator John Williams. In most cases, investigations forced Administration action.

The New York Times's William Lawrence asked the logical question: "If it isn't anything new or unusual or any great numbers involved, why then are you even considering extraordinary action?" The real reason, replied Truman, is to show that the vast majority of Government employees are honest.

"Pete" Brandt of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch brought up the case of James Finnegan, St. Louis collector of internal revenue who is under indictment for taking bribes to fix taxpayers' accounts. Wasn't he exposed before the executive department acted? Didn't Finnegan testify that Truman even asked him to stay on the job? Truman snapped that he had consistently backed Secretary of the Treasury Snyder's request for Finnegan's resignation. Checking back, reporters found that in his Oct. 11 press conference Truman had said his recollection on the point was hazy, but White House aides had said that Truman asked Finnegan to stay on. At the same October press conference, Truman said he heard of Finnegan's questionable activities only a short time before. Now, Harry Truman was changing the record.

The reporters had some questions about Frank McKinney. There had been a lot in

* No house, Truman told aides later, is an expression he has used since boyhood, but he does not remember the source. It is a colloquialism, at least as old as *Romero and Juliet*, Act III, Scene V. Capulet, Juliet's father, is angry because she refused to marry his choice, Paris. He tells her: "Graze where you will, you shall not house with me."

the papers about how he made \$68,000 in ten months on a \$1,000 investment. In making the killing, he was dealing with a man Truman had criticized for attempts to use influence in Washington. Would McKinney be asked to resign? Truman's jaw shot out and his voice crackled. McKinney, he said, suits him down to the ground. The President isn't going to pull the rug out from under McKinney just because something happened that the newspapers didn't like.

Snaps & Barks. As the questioning went on, Truman snapped and barked at the reporters. He paused at one point and glared at the Bell Syndicate's Doris Fleece, one of the Administration's most effective supporters among the working press. She hadn't said a word, but Truman demanded to know why she was looking at him like that. He asked the question with a force that shocked the newsmen. He asked if she wanted to run a sob-sister piece, and added that he didn't need any sob-sister pieces. Later, Reporter Fleece said: "I wasn't aware that I was doing anything except sitting quietly trying to understand what was going on . . . I thought I was looking pretty good. I had on a new Sally Victor hat."

Truman refused to be specific about what continued drastic action he would take. A reporter asked if there would be a special committee, like the Roberts-Pomerehne Commission which investigated the Teapot Dome scandals. No, said Truman, thumping his chest with a forefinger, if there is going to be anything, it will be his own, a Truman original.

A Flat Contradiction

One of the most memorable things that President Truman did at last week's press conference was to put his foot in Attorney General J. Howard McGrath's mouth.

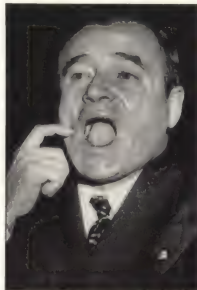
Two days before Truman's conference, McGrath took the witness chair before the House subcommittee investigating the Internal Revenue Bureau scandals. He was there because so many of the trails followed by the subcommittee had led to Theron Lamar Caudle. As head of the Justice Department's tax division, Caudle was one of McGrath's top assistants until Harry Truman fired him last month. The committee had gone through Caudle's close social and business relationships with ex-convicts, influence peddlers and defendants in Government tax cases.

At first it seemed that Witness McGrath would try to remain aloof from the Caudle curdle. He carefully pointed out that U.S. Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, while Attorney General, had picked Caudle for U.S. attorney in the western district of North Carolina. And Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark, while Attorney General, had selected Caudle for Assistant Attorney General.

A Faulty Pipeline. Subcommittee members wanted to know about all of Caudle's deals while McGrath was his boss. What about such things as the \$5,000 commission Caudle got on an airplane bought by Larry Knobl, an ex-convict "investigator"

for two shady machinery dealers who were defendants in a criminal tax case? McGrath said Caudle had assured him that no one in the transaction was involved in any Government case. Asked Wisconsin's Republican Representative John W. Byrnes: "If another Assistant Attorney General asked you about taking a commission on an airplane, would you investigate the matter further?" "Oh, yes," said McGrath. "I have learned a lesson from this experience." The subcommittee led McGrath through example after example of Caudle's "gross indiscretions." In most cases McGrath said he was not fully informed of what was going on. Asked Representative Byrnes: "Is there not something wrong with the pipelines, then?"

"I had every reason in the world to trust Mr. Caudle," protested McGrath.



J. HOWARD McGRATH
"I have learned a lesson."

"I had known him, I had liked him immensely. I still like him immensely as a man. He has a great heart and a great love for people . . . I had every reason to feel then and now that Mr. Caudle would not compromise himself, no less the department or myself, that he would not engage in anything that to his conscience seemed wrong."

A Lack of Confidence? He had never recommended that Truman dismiss Caudle, he said. "My belief is that after this committee heard Mr. Caudle in executive session and developed some of these points which I had not known before, that information was . . . transmitted directly to the President. The President acted upon that information, which came out of the executive sessions of this committee."

That was the important point that Harry Truman, two days later, flatly contradicted. Truman claimed that he had known about Caudle, and that he planned to fire him before the committee developed any leads.

When the contradiction was pointed out to Truman at the press conference, he stuck to his story of the Caudle firing, saying that he had not read McGrath's testimony, that he did not keep books for the Attorney General, that the President kept his own books.

Truman denied that he planned to fire McGrath. But Truman does not seem to have much confidence in his Attorney General. The most charitable explanation of their conflicting stories is that Truman knew that McGrath had a questionable assistant, and did not disclose his knowledge to the Attorney General.

"Pride in My Name"

Charles Oliphant, still suffering from the emotional collapse which had postponed his appearance before the House's King subcommittee, cringed in the witness chair. At times his lips moved and no words came out. His gestures were in slow motion.

Oliphant had been a nervous wreck since the day Chicago Attorney Abraham Teitelbaum told the subcommittee a saga of shakedown. The main point of Teitelbaum's story was that a "Washington clique," including Oliphant, was in the market for bribes from income-tax payers in trouble. Oliphant promptly quit his job as chief counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, complaining that such a "fantastic" story should never have been permitted in public testimony. Such "vilification" was too much to take, he said.

Essentially Social. Last week, the subcommittee's interest centered around Oliphant's relationship with Henry Grunewald, a mysterious Washington "investigator" mentioned several times in connection with the Teitelbaum case. Theron Lamar Caudle, the recently fired Assistant Attorney General, said it might have been Grunewald who called Teitelbaum and warned him to pay off.

"I knew Grunewald for four or five years," said Oliphant. "I make no effort to minimize our friendship. Our relations were essentially social. I visited him at his apartment [in Washington], at his places in Florida and New Jersey." They often had lunch together, and Grunewald always picked up the check. Yes, Grunewald lent him money—\$1,300 some time last year. Furthermore, Oliphant had given jobs in his bureau to people suggested by Grunewald.

One day at lunch, said Oliphant, Grunewald made "casual inquiry" about the Teitelbaum case. Oliphant checked the record at his office and told Grunewald the status of the case. Two days later, Oliphant acted to speed up prosecution of Teitelbaum—a handy tool for the fixers, who had, so Teitelbaum said, threatened him with speedy prosecution if he didn't come across with a \$500,000 bribe. But Oliphant just couldn't remember why he did that.

The subcommittee was interested in other Oliphant friends. One of these was Poncet Davis, an Akron businessman. Oliphant was Davis' guest at the Kentucky

Derby, the World Series and a Sugar Ray Robinson fight this year. In New York on one occasion, they stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria. Davis took Oliphant to the Belmont Stakes, too.

One of the Finest. "Poncet Davis was and is an intimate friend of mine," said Oliphant. "He is one of the finest men I have ever met. He later told me he had tax difficulties and I disqualified myself. I was being very scrupulous with Mr. Davis. Ultra-scrupulous."

While Oliphant was testifying, one of the finest men he ever met was giving himself up to federal authorities in Cleveland on three criminal warrants. Davis is charged with dodging corporation taxes of about \$201,000.

There were other similar Oliphant social sorties. He had gone to Florida on a fishing trip as the guest of a man in tax trouble. He had flown to the Kentucky Derby in the plane of Edwin Pauley, the California oilman, who also was the defendant in a tax case.

Summed up, Charles Oliphant's trips to the Derby, nights at the Waldorf, seats at the sport events, fishing trips and other social activities established him as one of Washington's most diligent free-loaders. As he left the stand, Subcommittee Chairman Cecil King read him a lecture: "You have been the victim of people who sought you out. [Their cases have received] protection and consideration beyond that of the ordinary citizen." Oliphant did not agree. "I know of my own integrity and I know of my pride in my name," he said.

Long Distance

Like Charles Oliphant, General Services Administrator Jess Larson cried out in anguish when his name was mentioned in Lawyer Teitelbaum's story. Larson hurried before the King subcommittee to deny that he was part of any shakedown clique. He used his harshest words on Frank Nathan, Florida influence peddler, identified by Teitelbaum as one of the men who made the shakedown proposition for the Washington "clique."

Larson said he knew that Nathan at times tried to use the Larson name, and declared he had tried desperately to stop him. He had refused to take telephone calls from Nathan, hadn't taken one, in fact, for five or six months. "With the help of almighty God," cried Larson, "I hope you gentlemen will give us legislation to stop this sort of thing."

Last week the King subcommittee asked Nathan whether Larson had telephoned him within the past year or so? Nathan couldn't remember any calls. Then Subcommittee Counsel Adrian DeWind introduced some startling evidence: a list of calls from the private telephone in Jess Larson's office, showing that Larson called Nathan nine times last June and July. The calls, ranging up to 20 minutes in length, were made to Miami and to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

"I don't remember them at all . . . I'm telling you from my heart," said Nathan. Then he had an idea. Maybe those calls

were made by Al Snyder, Larson's chief assistant. He and Snyder were good friends. "I used to go up to the office [Snyder's] quite often. I used to bring up cheese and some ham and some bread, and sit around and have a little lunch there."

Then Larson issued a statement saying he had made the calls, after all. They were about an oil well, he said. "Mr. Nathan was continually bringing people into the transaction . . . Somebody was always calling me and saying they heard I was in a well with Mr. Nathan and they wanted in on it. Also, there was one piece of real estate he had called the office about and I called him and admonished him he could not be a broker for that real estate. Those were the only calls I recollect, and those were the subjects of the calls."

Why hadn't Larson told the subcom-



JESS LARSON

"Somebody was always calling me."

mittee about these calls when he testified? "They only asked me about calls from him to me," he said. Then he changed his mind about that explanation, and said the subcommittee may have been discussing all calls, but he couldn't understand why he wasn't asked specifically about calls from him to Nathan.

THE PRESIDENCY

Hush!

Reporters at last week's White House press conference were given Harry Truman's off-the-record comments on the state of the Korean truce negotiations. Later, the wire services were allowed to send the President's remarks over the tapes, for editors' information only. Among those who heard Truman's off-the-record talk, and presumably forwarded it to their bosses: Jean Montgomery of Tass, the official Russian news agency, and the New York *Daily Worker's* Rob F. Hall.

MOBILIZATION

Growth

In a speech before Washington's National Press Club last week, Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson ticked off some impressive figures on how fast the U.S. is expanding its industrial plant for the long pull ahead. Items:

❑ Steel capacity in 1952 will be rising at the rate of a million tons every three months, will soon reach 120 million tons a year.* (On Dec. 10, the U.S. steel industry turned out the 100 millionth ton of steel in 1951. Previous record: 89 million tons in 1944.)

❑ Oil-refining capacity (already greater than the rest of the world put together) will soon be boosted another 15%.

❑ Aluminum production is being doubled. By June 1952, the U.S. will be able to make 40% more aluminum than at the peak of World War II.

❑ Electric power is being expanded by 40%, has already been upped 21.5% since the Korean war started. "Imagine," said Wilson, "in a couple of years, we will have half again as much power as the nation has been able to produce since the discovery of electricity."

LABOR

Battle of Pittsburgh

As steel goes, so goes inflation. Since Nov. 27, when the steelmasters and Philip Murray's United Steelworkers started negotiations for their 1952 wage contract, the eyes of U.S. businessmen have roved between the negotiators' hotel room in Pittsburgh and the stabilization authorities in Washington. If Murray wins a settlement that sends steel wages and prices bursting through the frail barrier of WSB and OPS controls, other unions and other industries will charge after him through the breach. If Murray is turned down by either Washington or the steelmasters, he has threatened to call a defense-disrupting steel strike as soon as his present wage contract expires. This week, in a statement designed to give the mobilizers a chilly Christmas, he growled to a news conference: "It appears a strike at midnight December 31st will be unavoidable."

Murray's threat came soon after Washington had trumpeted its intention to stand fast. New Economic Stabilizer Roger L. Putnam told the steelworkers last week that the Wage Stabilization Board's present formula would not be altered to suit their convenience; under this formula the workers might get a 5¢- to 13¢-an-hour increase (over their present average rate of \$1.79 an hour). More emphatically, Putnam told U.S. Steel's President Ben Fairless that ceiling prices on steel would not be raised to offset the cost of wage increases. Said he: "You are bargaining with your own money."

Putnam's ukases did not make a strike inevitable, despite Murray's threat. The

* Compared with 18 million tons for England, an estimated 28 million tons for Russia.



Associated Press

GENERAL MACARTHUR
A broadside for generals.

union's wage demands, made public this week, would boost average earnings by 19¢ to 20¢ an hour; if these are trimmed to accord with the WSB formula, the stabilizers might give the nod to Murray's demands for fringe benefits (longer vacations, higher shift premiums) without undiminished retreat. Murray is also asking that the steel companies guarantee to each employee with three years' service annual earnings equal to 32 hours a week for 52 weeks.

To face the impending crisis, Murray this week called a special convention of 2,500 Steelworkers' delegates to meet Jan. 3. The next move seemed to be up to Washington.

NATIONAL DEFENSE

The Antimilitarist

In smearing General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, apologists for Harry Truman try hard to paint the MacArthur firing as a reassertion of civilian authority over the "military mind." This week, in a bylined article in the January *American Legion Magazine*, MacArthur himself fires a major broadside at the pretensions of some professional military men and urges a bigger role for the citizen soldier (as distinguished from the professional) in the U.S. Army.

"The tendency has existed—as it still exists—to regard [the citizen soldier] as an auxiliary rather than the main pillar supporting our national military strength," writes MacArthur. "Only in rare instances have his views been sought or considered in the shaping of high policy governing the conduct of war or plans to secure the peace." MacArthur finds civilian control of the military especially important in the light of the present enormous peacetime buildup of the armed forces.

"All this, while intended and designed to strengthen freedom's defense," he says,

"carries within itself the very germs of freedom's destruction. For it etches the pattern to a military state which, historically under the control of professional military thinking, in constant search for means toward efficiency, has found in freedom possibly its greatest single impediment . . . To avoid this historic pitfall it is essential that civilian control over the citizen army be extended and intensified. Particularly is this true in the administration of the program of Universal Military Training, if the youth of our land is to avoid being corrupted into a legion of subservience to the so-called military mind . . .

"Extension of civilian control calls for . . . a realistic appreciation of the potential in professional competence which the citizen soldier can bring . . . It calls for the elimination of arbitrary restrictions upon the advance of the citizen soldier in the ranks of military leadership . . . It calls for a much broadened opportunity for the professional preparation of the citizen soldier to permit his integration into the higher staff duties and planning designed to avert war if possible, to prosecute it to early victory if not . . .

"It is essential that the traditional role of the Army in these distressing times be carefully preserved—that it not be used as an instrument of tyranny or oppression—a form of pretorian guard—by those seeking to strengthen and entrench political power—but that it be used instead as a force of free men dedicated to its sworn purpose of 'defending the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic.'"

Three Good Friends

It was George III who coined the cynical phrase, "Every man is good enough for any place he can get." Two centuries later, the grumpy king's observation fits the theory of government often used in Harry Truman's Administration of George III's former real estate. A good recent example: the association of Donald Dawson, still the White House patronage dispenser, and his two good friends, William E. Willett and Francis P. Whitehair.

In June 1948, Dawson had the President name Willett as one of RFC's five directors. A regular luncheon companion of Dawson's and of E. Merl (Mink Coat) Young's, Willett was willing to do some favors in return. To give big loans to politically correct companies and individuals, he switched RFC examiners and overrode his own reviewers. After the Fulbright committee's investigation of the RFC, the Senate, in February 1951, refused to confirm his appointment.

While Willett was being chased out of public office, another friend of Donald Dawson's came scurrying in. Francis P. Whitehair is a bushy-haired, 51-year-old De Land, Fla. politician with a fat law practice in other states. Donald Dawson got him the job as chief counsel to the Economic Stabilization Agency.

At ESA, Whitehair gathered a staff of his old buddies around him. "I had to call

on my friends," he explained. "I had to make doggone sure there were no Commies around the place." Entrenched there, he started looking for something better. When he went job hunting at ECA, Bill Foster turned him down flat. But by August, after some fancy footwork on the White House carpets, Whitehair was appointed Under Secretary of the Navy.

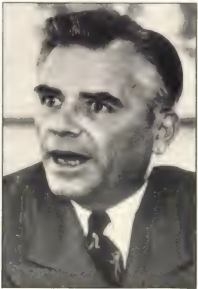
At the Pentagon, Whitehair has acted like a smalltime politician in an oversize job. During business hours, he regularly keeps admirals with high-priority business stacked waiting outside his plush-lined office, while he leisurely hashes over old times with political cronies. An expert fence mender, Whitehair recently had the Navy postpone a minor ship-recommissioning ceremony, at Green Cove Springs, Fla., until he could get down there last week to harangue the home folks.

One of Whitehair's most urgent tasks is to clear up the desperate housing shortage for sailors and their dependents at expanding Navy installations. Last week he named a special assistant to take care of this problem, which, the Pentagon professionals insisted, is "a topflight executive job." The appointee, classed as a "man-power" expert, was none other than Whitehair's—and Donald Dawson's—good friend William Willett, out of a job ever since the Senate kicked him out of RFC.

OPINION

Eisenhower's Stand

At SHAPE headquarters just outside of Paris, one of General Eisenhower's daily chores is to wave aside invitations to speak his mind on U.S. politics. At home, this determination to keep SHAPE out of politics has been exploited by both the Taft and Fair Deal camps to their benefit. Both pass the word that Eisenhower is too much of a mystery man to be trusted with



John Zimmerman

NAVY UNDER SECRETARY WHITEHAIR
A brushoff for admirals.

the 1952 presidential nomination. But Ike's views on U.S. Government are a mystery only to people who were not listening two years ago when President Eisenhower of Columbia University, dressed in civvies, delivered a series of speeches on public affairs.

Imprisoned Security. Eisenhower talked mostly about what he called "ideas and ideals—not individuals." But he made it clear enough that he was opposed to the basic domestic doctrines of both Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. He warned of the dangers of expanding Federal Government, the delusions of the welfare state, the fallacy of the class struggle, and the perils of loose spending. Said he in New York in 1949: "Jefferson [was] a man we recognize as the great liberal of his time, a man who could say, 'The best government is the least government.' Now we recognize the degree to which we have changed when we come to see that the definition of a liberal is a man who, in Washington, wants to play the Almighty with our money."

At Columbia in 1948, he said: "All our cherished rights—the right of free speech, free worship, ownership of property, equality before the law—all these are mutually dependent for their existence. Thus, when shallow critics denounce the profit motive inherent in our system of private enterprise, they ignore the fact that it is an economic support of every human right we possess and that, without it, all rights would soon disappear."

He told the combined Galveston luncheon clubs: "If all that Americans want is security, they can go to prison. . . . But if an American wants to preserve his dignity and his equality as a human being, he must not bow his neck to any dictatorial government." In New York he declared: "Possibly we have become too regardful of things that we call luxuries. . . . Maybe we like caviar and champagne when we ought to be out working on beer and hot dogs. Whatever it is, the thing that has happened to us is of the spirit."

"Millions of us today," Ike warned the 1949 Columbia graduating class, "seem to fear that individual freedom is leading us toward social chaos; that individual opportunity has forever disappeared. . . . that we have reached the point where the individual is far too small to cope with his circumstances; that his lifelong physical security against every risk is all that matters. More than this, we hear that such security must be attained by surrendering to centralized control the management of our society. . . . On every count, the fearful men are wrong. . . ."

Republican Direction. Before the American Bar Association in St. Louis in 1949, Ike tagged himself as a middle-of-the-roader, but his road seemed to be going in a Republican direction. Said he: "We will not accord to the central government unlimited authority, any more than we will bow our necks to the dictates of the uninhibited seekers after personal power in finance, labor, or any other field."

Eisenhower's critics argue that he has

never had to face the specific hazards of a congressional voting record. This is true, but Eisenhower is no stranger to the hard choice. When asked about federal aid to higher education in 1948, Columbia's Eisenhower said: "So that no one will misunderstand where an old soldier stands on that question—I will have no federal money in higher education as long as there is one single iota of federal control coming with it. . . . The Federal Government has no right to take tax money out of our pockets and give it back to us. . . ."

Western Union. Ike's views of foreign affairs are better known. He is the embodiment of U.S. determination to defend Western Europe and an ardent advocate of "one federal union" for Western Europe. "I believe it so strongly," he told a congressional committee, "that I do not believe real security is going to be felt in

POLITICAL NOTES

A Knuckle-Dusting from Bertie

With the confidence of an experienced brawler, Democratic National Chairman Frank E. McKinney last week slipped on his knuckle-dusters and tore into Colonel "Bertie" McCormick's Chicago *Tribune*. McKinney's speech at a \$100-a-plate Democratic dinner in Chicago was broadcast over the *Tribune's* radio station, WGN, and reported in the *Trib* itself (from an advance copy). Shouted McKinney: "If the voters of this great city had to rely upon the Chicago *Tribune* as their only source of news, then they would be as badly misinformed as those unhappy millions behind the Iron Curtain. . . ."

There is more than one similarity between the *Tribune* and the Russian mouthpiece, *Pravda*. Both of them edit



Francis Miller—Life

DEMOCRATS KENNEDY, MCKINNEY, ARVEY & STEVENSON
At a \$100-a-plate dinner, muddy waters.

the United States, in the British Empire and other nations of the globe until that comes about. . . . Once it gets united, the Soviets will never be able to hold the East Germans out of it."

Eisenhower thinks "there was no recourse but to do what President Truman said and did" after the Korean invasion. But Ike is, by implication, a strong Europe-First man and has yet to outline an Asian defense plan as concrete as Bob Taft's. Ike is a believer in the United Nations: "However halting its progress may be, however much its sessions are torn by the jeers and vetoes from one sector, [it] is a visible and working entity—substantial evidence of developing hopes and purposes, an earnest of better things to come."

Ike's old speeches are far from being a firm, complete political platform. But they reflect a basic political philosophy that could easily provide underpinnings for a candidate who wanted to build a platform in a hurry.

the news to fit a party line. . . . When Russia starts a shooting war, Stalin blames the United States and Harry Truman. So does the Chicago *Tribune*. When the United Nations takes an effective step toward insuring peace by resisting aggression. . . . both Stalin and McCormick attack the United Nations. At the Chicago *Tribune* they sit up all night figuring out new ways to sneer at our Government's program for world peace. . . ."

When the Democrats left the banquet hall, the newstands were already piled high with *Tribunes* carrying McCormick's counter-punch. From the eminence of a Page One box (next to the report of McKinney's speech), Bertie McCormick jabbed: "The *Tribune* during the last two days has shown McKinney up as a crook. He has tried to muddy the water by telling lies about the *Tribune* and me."

Then Bertie, an old hand with a knuckle-duster, knocked the wind right out of McKinney. On page seven, Bertie

ran a series of apologetic statements from Chicago Democrats.

Said Mayor Martin H. Kennelly: "While the *Tribune* is a Republican newspaper and I am a Democrat, they have treated my administration . . . fairly and squarely. My experience has never been such as to lead me to [McKinney's] conclusions."

Said Democratic Boss Jake Arvey: "While I was Cook County Democratic chairman, I experienced no trouble in getting the *Tribune* to print Democratic news . . . They always gave us fair coverage." Six other top Democratic politicians said the same thing.*

Next morning, McKinney snapped: "McCormick's statement will be retracted, or else." The *Tribune* refused to retract, but it dropped its epithet "crook" in favor of "get-rich-quick boy," and settled back to survey the rift that had been made between Chicago's Democrats and the new man Harry Truman had run in to boss the National Committee.

Cleared for Action

With an election year ahead, and a throat that was already "pretty sore," Senator Robert Taft repaired to Cincinnati's Holmes Hospital, emerged without his tonsils.

THE ADMINISTRATION The Mantle of Charity

In the spring of 1945, the FBI had its lines all set for Philip Jaffe, the editor of the pro-Communist magazine *Amerasia*, and was about to arrest him. Then one day, John Stewart Service, a lean-jawed, young State Department foreign service officer just back from China, walked into Jaffe's hotel room in Washington and into the range of FBI microphones. Service lent Jaffe a sheaf of State Department reports on China, some stamped "secret" and "confidential." In four separate hotel-room sessions, he talked to Jaffe at great length about U.S. policy in China, twice cautioning Jaffe that the information he gave him was "very secret" or "confidential."

Double Indictment. Six times in the ensuing six years, the State Department's own Loyalty Security Board debated whether these meetings made Service guilty of disloyalty to the U.S. Six times Service was cleared. (For the sixth hearing, he was recalled while en route to be U.S. consul general in Calcutta.) Last week the Civil Service Commission's Loyalty Review Board, the capital's top loyalty panel, reversed the finding, decided there was a "reasonable doubt" of Service's loyalty, and recommended that he be fired.

The evidence before both boards was virtually the same, and the reversal was

* Illinois' able, free-wheeling Governor Adlai Stevenson, not to be stampeded, commented: "The *Tribune* is entitled to its views about the world, but pray God they don't prevail now any more than they did in 1863, when the publisher said we could not win the Civil War."



DIPLOMAT SERVICE
After six clearances, defeat.

as much an indictment of State's loyalty judgments as it was of Service. The State Department board accepted Service's defense that he had been giving Jaffe the same kind of "background" briefing he would give any reporter, let him off with a wrist tap for "indiscretion." Said the top board in its reversal: "[Service] knew very early in his association with Jaffe that Jaffe was a very doubtful character, extremely left-wing [and Service] had a continuing line of warnings as to Jaffe's character . . . Yet, notwithstanding, we find in the [hotel] conversations no indication of any caution by Service . . . Jaffe . . . rarely failed to get from Service what he asked for."



U.S. Army—Associated Press
INFANTRYMAN LEE
After six charges, victory.

The top loyalty board pointed to a letter in the evidence from the New York *Times's* then-China Correspondent Brooks Atkinson (which had, ironically, been written in Service's defense), stating that Service "never permitted me to see classified material and was cautious and guarded about matters he considered confidential." Said the board: "The contrast between his treatment of Jaffe and his treatment of Brooks Atkinson . . . requires no comment. To say that [Service's] course of conduct does not raise a reasonable doubt as to Service's own loyalty would, we are forced to think, stretch the mantle of charity much too far."

"Good, Good, Good!" As soon as the reversal arrived at the State Department, Deputy Under Secretary for Administration Carl Humelsine called Service to his office, and fired him. Service, now 42, called the decision a "surprise, a shock and an injustice—I am not now and never have been disloyal to the United States." Joe McCarthy, who called Service "pro-Soviet" nearly two years ago, and who kept the case alive, heard the news in Los Angeles, and exclaimed: "Good, good, good!"

Four days after its finding on Service, the top loyalty-review board this week ordered federal agencies to recheck 565 U.S. employees previously cleared of disloyalty charges. The board's reason: some of the old clearances might be judged differently under the presidential order of last April which makes "reasonable doubt" (instead of "reasonable grounds") sufficient cause for a thumbs-down verdict.

ARMED FORCES

A Story of Combat

In the Army, the tough, patient professionals who train recruits are not generally given to talkativeness, and Master Sergeant Hubert Lee, 36, was quieter than most. After six months, even his fellow instructors at Fort Sill, Okla., knew only that he came from Mississippi, was a 13-year man, had fought in Europe and Korea. He wore the Silver Star for gallantry. But when he was asked how he got it, Lee always begged off. "I'm not very good about telling combat stories," he would say.

Last week the Army put Master Sergeant Hubert Lee in front of a battery of flashbulbs and ordered him to tell a combat story. The sergeant edged forward in his chair and nervously blurted it out.

The date was Feb. 1, 1951 on Hill 333 near Wonju in Korea. He was a platoon sergeant in the I Company, 23rd Infantry, 2nd Division, fighting off a Chinese Communist "human sea" attack. "The lieutenant lasted about 20 minutes," said Sergeant Lee. Then Lee was in command. "I had been with the platoon a long time," he explained diffidently. "There wasn't anyone left to lead them." The platoon fired until their guns clicked empty. The Chinese surged over the crest, and Sergeant Lee's platoon reeled 50 yards back down the hill. The sergeant carried a

wounded buddy, shielding him from mortar bursts with his body. "I knew we'd have to go back up," said Lee. "I told the men to wait for ammunition."

The platoon got its ammunition and charged up the hill, hollering banzai. A grenade exploded in front of the sergeant, riddling his legs with fragments. He told the men not to stop, limped after them to retake the hill. The Chinese knocked them off the hill again. Four more times Sergeant Lee and his platoon drove forward. Each time the Chinese drove them back. Another grenade blasted the sergeant flat, again riddling his legs.

Crawling on his hands & knees, Sergeant Lee led his men forward on one final charge. Only twelve were left of the original 46. A rifle bullet smacked into the sergeant's body as he waved them on. He kept going. The platoon took Hill 333 on that sixth charge and this time they held. When reinforcements came up, they counted 83 Chinese dead strewn about the summit, estimated that another 200 had been wounded. Sergeant Lee, still conscious and in command, was carried down on a stretcher.

When Sergeant Hubert Lee had finished his story last week, the Army announced that he would be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for valor "above and beyond the call of duty." He was the 39th fighting man to win the nation's highest decoration in Korea. Said the shy sergeant: "I'll be glad when this day is over."

MANNERS & MORALS

Trial by Stage Whisper

When the producer of *Skin Of Our Teeth* was hesitant, back in 1942, about enlarging the stage of Manhattan's Plymouth Theater for Actress Tallulah Bankhead, she took instant action. Crying that he was an "incompetent little madman," she seized a stagehand's screwdriver, stomped down from the stage, and began dismantling seats in the first rows. Last week Tallulah was making a similar imprint of her vigorous personality on the judicial processes of the State of New York.

She had been hard at it, as a matter of fact, ever since she stormed into the D.A.'s office in Manhattan last year to complain that her maid had been raising her checks. District Attorney Frank Hogan noted irascibly that she had waited for months after the alleged crimes before saying a word, and had done so then, as far as anyone could tell, only to show she wasn't afraid of the maid. Tallulah turned on the anti-Tammany D.A. instantly. "Who is this Mr. Hogan?" she roared. "I'll blast the lid off his Tammany Hall!"

And Vivisection? By the time the trial began in Manhattan last week, Tallulah and the D.A.'s office had made an uneasy truce. Mink coat carelessly draped, she listened approvingly as the prosecution outlined the charge: that the maid, a grey-haired, motherly-looking ex-burlesque performer named Evelyne Ramsay Cronin,

had enlarged the sums for which Miss Bankhead made out many checks, and by so doing had committed larceny to the extent of \$4,284.

But when the defense attorney rose, Tallulah began to vibrate; theatergoers who watched fully expected her to pull a small, pearl-handled revolver from her handbag and, with a triumphant and scornful burlesque cry, shoot both counsel and defendant. The maid, defense counsel contended, had been forced to forger because Tallulah had borrowed money from her for "marijuana, cocaine, booze and gigolos." Tallulah, moreover, had beaten the defendant "unmercifully," often crying, "I'll give you cancer of the breast!" as she did so.

"I expect to prove all this in the trial," counsel thundered.

"And," rasped Miss Bankhead furiously



N.Y. Daily News

TALLULAH BANKHEAD
"I coughed, Your Honor."

in a hoarse stage whisper, "I expect to disprove it." She blinked back tears, but her interruptions continued. One hoarse aside: "The next thing they'll have me doing is vivisection my dog without an anesthetic." The defense attorney protested to the court: "She is making facial expressions and sounds . . ." Tallulah rose: "I coughed, Your Honor," she said. "I have a bronchial condition . . ." She added loudly: "Thank God my blessed daddy isn't alive to hear this vivisection."

Unintimidated. To augment her attempts to take part in, or better yet, run the trial, she took to walking into the corridor to make rebuttal statements to reporters. "I am disgusted with the tactics of the defense attorney," she said. "But . . . I cannot be intimidated by blackmail." Finally the judge gently detached her from the proceedings by ordering all witnesses to stay out of the courtroom.

Tallulah retreated to an anteroom, complained loudly of the heat. Her attorney

obligingly threw up the windows. A blast of frigid air blew in. A portly and important guard closed them hastily. "I asked that those windows be opened, darling!" said Tallulah. "My dear lady," said the guard, "it isn't what you want around here . . ." She whirled and advanced. "But it is what I want," she bellowed. "I'm here as a state's witness, not as a criminal!" The guard retreated and Tallulah waited bawfully to be called to the courtroom to testify.

The defense attorney had complained bitterly that there were "two trials going on in this courtroom"—one run according to the rules and one "conducted by Miss Bankhead." Miss Bankhead aimed to simplify things when she was called to testify. At week's end she was still waiting, but she had made two things seem clear: 1) if a judicial system could put her on the stand and survive, it was good for a thousand years, and 2) if it didn't put her on the stand, it was probably in imminent danger of an attack with a screwdriver, too.

DISASTERS

Engine Fire

Only a few stowed in the chill Sunday sun as the pot-bellied Curtiss Commando began to roll along the east-west runway of Newark Airport. Aboard the crowded war-surplus craft: four crewmen, 52 passengers, bound for Tampa at nonscheduled Miami Airline's bargain rates (\$39.74 for grownups, half fare for children). The heavily loaded Commando gathered speed, got her tail up. Black smoke plumed from her, and swirled in the propeller blast.

Network control tower to airport crash crew, 3:04 p.m.: "Get out on Field. Stay off runway. Craft taking off to west. Smoking right engine."

The Commando weighed off the runway, climbed heavily, went into a left-hand turn. From the pilot went a terse message to the control tower.

Control tower to crash crew: "He's coming back in on Runway 6. He's on fire."

Fighting for altitude, the Commando swung over Elizabeth (pop. 112,000), just south of the field. The pilot had feathered the right-hand propeller, but flames reddened the smoke from the engine nacelle. From the streets of Elizabeth hundreds watched his fight to get back to the airport. The fight was lost almost as they looked up. With an explosive crump the right wing tore off and the Commando plunged toward the ground.

Control tower to crash crew: "He's crashed."

In wreckage Elizabeth River lay the flaming muddle of the Miami Airline's Commando and the bodies of all 56 of her occupants, killed in the second worst crash in U.S. history.*

* The worst: June 24, 1950, when a Northwest Airlines DC-4 disappeared over Lake Michigan with 58 people on board.

NEWS IN PICTURES



RETURN OF THE VACATIONER!

Wexler—Indianapolis Star



HOW'S THAT FOR SIZE?

Smith—Buffalo Evening News



HOUSE OF FUN

Long—Minneapolis Tribune



CORRECT INFO, RIGHT FROM THE SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

Smith—NEA



HELLO!

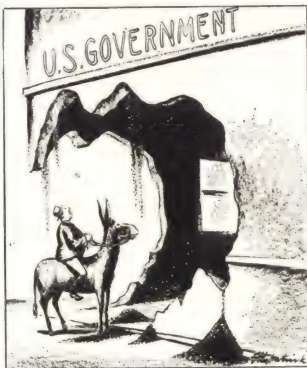
Helms—St. Louis Globe-Democrat



Talbot-Scraps-Howard
DESTINATION UNKNOWN



Berch—© 1951, Chicago Sun-Times
"UP DUNDER—UP BLITZEN!"



Figgewick—St. Louis Post-Dispatch
THE TERMITE SITUATION



Jim Beckerman—Washington Evening Star
SOME THINGS DON'T NEED TO BE SEEN

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Under Two Tents

The late Mohandas K. Gandhi once said of the late Moslem leader Mohammed Ali Jinnah that he had "a difficulty for every solution." The U.N. truce negotiators last week at Panmunjom felt the same way about their Communist opposite numbers. The Reds yielded to a demand that a separate subcommittee be set up to deal with Item 4 (exchange of prisoners) while the first subcommittee was still grappling with Item 3 (supervision of armistice). Soon two subcommittees were grinding away under two tents at Panmunjom. This week, there rose one note of hope: the Reds turned over a list of U.N. prisoners, reportedly including Maj. Gen. William F. Dean of the 24th Division, missing since the fighting around Taejon in July, 1950.

THE AIR WAR

A Nervous Time

How goes the air war? For the slashing U.S. Sabre jets, it is going well; for the bombers and tactical planes, not so well. For the men who have to guess what the enemy is going to do with his 1,400-plane potential, it is a nervous time. Said one top air commander: "They have the capacity to hit us hard."

Shipped to Korea in two aircraft carriers, another wing of Sabres has arrived to fight the enemy's MIG-15s. But though this doubled the number of Sabres in combat—now 150—they are still heavily outnumbered by the Reds' 700 MIGs.

Those Characters. "When we go up now," said Jet Ace Colonel Francis Gabreski, "we spend 59 out of every 60 seconds looking over our shoulders." Nevertheless, last week the fast U.S. jets scored their biggest one-day kill of the war: 13 MIGs destroyed, two probables, one damaged. Only one Sabre was lost.

Although the Sabres have consistently given the MIGs a bad beating, the Red jet is a first-class military fighter, a nimble craft in maneuver, a faster climber, with more speed above 32,000 feet than the heavier, longer-ranged Sabre. Among reasons for the Sabre's performance in battle: superior speed below 25,000 feet, better diving speed, a fine electronic computing gunsight, better pilots. "If I could have a couple of sessions against those characters in one of their own planes," said a U.S. airman last week, "I could really show 'em some tricks."

The enemy seems to be using "MIG Alley" (northwestern Korea) to train novices in regular cycles, removing each class when it gets fully seasoned. But each class is a little better than its predecessor.

Fifth & Main. The Far East Air Forces' lumbering, obsolescent B-29 bombers have been forced to do most of their work at night. There have never been enough Sabres to give the bombers a good day-

time screen, and the combination of flak and MIGs caused heavy proportionate losses. There are not many strategic targets in North Korea, and the Reds seem to know just when & where the U.S. bombers are going to strike. Says Brigadier General Joe Kelly, the B-29 commander: "The war we're fighting now is one in which we say to them, 'O.K., boys, we'll meet you at Fifth and Main.' They know where it is, and we know where it is."

The bombers are being helped by tactical planes (older jets and propeller-driven craft). Many of the U.N. ground-support jobs have been taken over by artillery and three-fourths of the tactical planes



MAJOR DAVIS
"A pretty good profession."

have been released for interdiction work—mainly, blasting away at the enemy's never-ending flow of trucks to the front. These planes which have to make low-level attacks are the ones that suffer most from ground fire.*

A Very Hairy Ride. If the enemy launched an all-out attack against U.N. troops and supply centers, how would allied anti-aircraft perform? Probably not too well, at first. Reported TIME's Tokyo Bureau Chief Dwight Martin: "There are indications that some of the Red equipment is better than ours. Also, the first days of any Red attempt to knock us out of the air war would probably see our AA come off a poor second to theirs, because our crews just haven't had the practice."

* The U.N. has lost upwards of 1,300 planes in the Korean war. About 600 have been lost in combat (most of them victims of ground fire); the rest are "operational" losses. The enemy, which has not brought over U.N. territory, has lost some 300 planes in combat, a creditable mark for the U.N. under the circumstances.

If the enemy attacks, U.N. airmen believe he will launch his MIGs first at allied fighter bases in South Korea, try to knock them out, then follow with bombers. Said one top U.S. airman: "If they do hit us, you can bet we'll hit them back hard and fast. Chances are we'd try to limit our strikes into Manchuria strictly to air bases for obvious political reasons. We can hit them the first time for free. But the second time it will start getting expensive. How expensive it will be the third time, or the fourth, we just don't know. But we do know one thing: it will be a very hairy ride from there on out."

Hottest Pilot

At a Sabre base in Korea one morning last week, a sergeant line mechanic put down his tools as a slim, thin-faced pilot walked by on his way to another hard-stand. "There he goes," said the sergeant in baffled admiration to another mechanic. "The hottest pilot since they invented jets—and so help me, he looks about as aggressive as Bugs Bunny."

The subject of this observation is Major George Andrew Davis Jr., 31, top ace in the Korean air war. Davis arrived in October, flew ten missions as a wingman, became a squadron leader in November. In the unbelievably short span of 17 days, he shot down nine MIGs and three twin-engine Red bombers. Last week Davis brought down four enemy jets in one day for a record bag. "It's just my job, my business," he says. "And I think it's a pretty good profession."

On the ground, he is anything but a swashbuckler. Back home in Lubbock, Texas, where he has a wife and two children, Davis likes to putter in the kitchen (specialties: steak and pot roasts). The seventh of nine children, Davis went up for a \$2.50 ride in a barnstormer's crate when he was 13. From then on, he knew what his life's work was going to be. He enlisted in the Army Air Forces in 1942, flew 266 missions in propeller-driven P-47s and P-51s from Philippine bases, downed seven Japanese planes.

Davis gives much credit to the unsung wingmen—whose primary job is not to down MIGs but to protect their leaders. Davis has never brought his plane back bearing a trace of battle damage. Last week, on the day he downed four MIGs, he chased two MIGs away from his own wingman's tail.

Until recently, it was Fifth Air Force practice to rotate a man home as soon as he became an ace (five kills). But Major Davis and the two other squadron leaders in his wing all became aces about the same time, and they could not be spared. This week, with 32 missions, Major Davis, professional fighting airman, expected to round out 100 missions before going home. At 31, he is on the elderly side for jet combat, but is unworried. "Up to the point of physical deterioration," he says, "it depends on the individual."

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The procedure: Beat separately egg yolks and whites. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar to whites after beating them very stiff. Mix whites

with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add Four Roses and rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

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INTERNATIONAL

WESTERN EUROPE

Federation

Throughout history, practical and pragmatic politicians from Caesar to Napoleon to Hitler have seen the need for a United Europe and welded large sections of that unhappy continent into unions imposed by force and sustained by fear. The occasional prophet who dared envision a Europe united, like Tennyson's "Parliament of man," in voluntary federation for the common good was condemned to brood alone in the Poets' Corner.

Today, practical men as well as dreamers are talking as they have never talked before of federation in the West. They know that in the East a federation already exists: imposed, like Caesar's and Hitler's, by Stalin. In the face of this fact, does the West mean only to talk about federation?

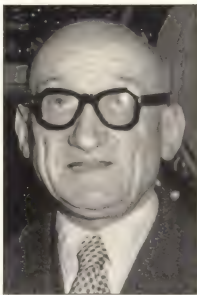
In Strasbourg last week, Paul-Henri Spaak, acknowledged leader of the federation forces, resigned his job as President of the Council of Europe's Consultative Assembly (see below) with a ringing indictment of all the proud and cautious pettifoggers who could agree only on "what could not be done." He grieved, but he did not give up. Oddly enough, his disillusioned outcry came in a week when France for the first time in its history pledged itself to surrender some of its sovereignty: the French Parliament ratified the Schuman Plan to pool Europe's coal and steel. One of two traditional enemies was willing to share with the other the very source of power and strength over which they had fought so often. It might be but a mere pinprick in the barrier of distrust. Yet through that pinprick shone a slim ray that might yet light the way to unity in Europe.

France & the Schuman Plan

Above the squabbles of Europe, and its own internal jealousies, the voice of France sounded bold and clear last week. By a thumping 377-233 majority, the French National Assembly ratified Foreign Minister Robert Schuman's two-year-old plan to pool Europe's coal and steel resources. It was proof—and proof was badly needed—that France can still take the lead in Europe when boldly led herself.

Champion of the fight for ratification was Premier René Pleven, an astute, dedicated "European." He had plenty of opposition. "A capitalist super-monopoly, controlled by American high finance," blustered Communist Deputy Florimond Ronte on the left. "Let's wait," argued the Gaullists on the right. "First we must organize Europe politically."

For three days and two nights of debate, the Premier out-talked and out-maneuvered his opponents. He made the Schuman Plan a vote of confidence in his government. "We are not talking of trial marriage," he explained. "We want to create indissoluble economic bonds. You, gentlemen, you will not refuse Europe this



Associated Press

FOREIGN MINISTER SCHUMAN
Proof that France can lead Europe . . .

first and perhaps only chance to live." Pleven cozened the Peasant Deputies by promising bigger farm loans, made sure of the Socialists by agreeing to drop income taxes on low-income groups. The debate waxed emotional. An Independent accused the government of selling out to the Germans: "We give to Germany what she desires, and we renounce our own dead." Pleven got to his feet and solemnly replied: "Our dead did not die in order that all should begin as before." When the plan was approved, René Pleven said proudly: "France remains the great sower of ideas."



Math. Kaufman-Lux

PREMIER PLEVEN
... when boldly led herself.

Barriers to Be Broken. The Schuman Plan, perhaps the most imaginative post-war act of European statesmanship, is intended to bind the six West European nations into a single U.S.-size "coal and steel community," able to produce 220 million tons of coal and 38 million tons of steel each year. Within this vast integrated market (total pool, 155 million) there will be no customs duties on coal and steel shipments, and miners and steelworkers will be able to move freely without passports or visas. A supranational High Authority of nine "stateless technocrats" (no more than two from any one country) will be set up to run the giant combine. Its duties: 1) to supply coal and steel to all member nations "on equal terms"; 2) to modernize and increase production and productivity. Unlike most international bodies, the Schuman Plan High Authority will have teeth of its own. It will be responsible to a 78-man Assembly elected by the six national Parliaments, but its decisions will be enforceable (by fines) on all members of the pool. It will have power to close down inefficient and wasteful enterprises within the pool.

Battles to Be Won. Ruhr industrialists, French steel kings, militant trade unionists, patriotic Germans, patriotic French—could they work together for the common good? The amount of resistance to the Schuman Plan is a measure of how much it asks. The Dutch have approved it; the Italians are ready to. But Belgium and Luxembourg resist. So does West Germany, biggest steel and coal producer in continental Europe. Konrad Adenauer was forced last week to postpone a vote on the Schuman Plan until January, and without Germany the Plan will not work. Yet France had been the highest hurdle. Clearing it was exciting progress that would make the next hurdles easier.

Under the Rainbow

The flags of 14 nations made a fluttering rainbow above the portals of the House of Europe in Strasbourg. Inside, before a semicircle of 200 desks, Belgium's portly Paul-Henri Spaak, president of the Consultative Assembly, spoke heatedly. His pugnacious lower lip was thrust forward, his left hand plunged into a pocket, accenting his resemblance to Winston Churchill.

"... For five years [we] have lived in the fear of the Russians and from the charity of the Americans," he said. "Before such a spectacle we are listless, as if history would wait, as if we had time—decades and decades—to transform our mentality, to suppress our customs barriers, to abandon our national egotisms . . . I have been astounded by the amount of talent that has been expended in this Assembly to explain that something could not be done." In particular he attacked Winston Churchill, who more than any man had set the idea of federation to rolling, and now—in so far as Britain's partic-

ipation was concerned—seemed to be doing his best to stop it.

Spaak glared at the assembled statesmen. "I cannot in conscience approve any longer of the timid policy of this Assembly," he thundered. "Therefore, I have decided to resign at this critical point and devote myself more actively to the fight for a united Europe."

Out of the Salons. It was a precarious moment for federation—that old dream of the intellectual salons of Europe* which now stirs the streets of Europe. The notion of federation has seeped so deep into Western Europe's consciousness that practical men are now looking hard at it. It has become important enough to have to resist.

In every important West European capital last week there were almost daily meetings of diplomats, economists and soldiers, engaged in a kind of piecemeal federation. The six key nations of Western Europe were closer than ever before to adopting the Schuman Plan (see above). They were solemnly (if disputatiously) engaged in negotiating the even more revolutionary Plevin Plan for transforming their land, sea and air forces into a single European army. Under it, France and Germany would fight shoulder to shoulder, side by side with Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg.

Its boldness could be seen in the words of France's Robert Schuman last week: "A complete merger of our armed forces in one uniform, under common discipline, under single command and responsibility—not to individual governments but to all the member governments." A High Authority made up of representatives of the six countries would oversee its 43 divisions, its 560,000 ground combat troops. A Commissioner of Defense with broad powers would boss it, assign military commanders, set a common military budget, allocate military aid. Important undertakings such as U.N. and NATO involve no such surrender of national sovereignty.

Patchwork Fences. Western Europeans are balking. At Strasbourg, visiting U.S. Congressmen and Senators had voiced crotchety impatience at Europe's failure to dash off a constitution and proclaim a U.S. of Europe (TIME, Dec. 3). Dwight Eisenhower spoke impatiently of Europe's "patchwork territorial fences."

To Americans it seemed as simple as that. But Europe is not only a patchwork of national borders; it is also a bramble-bush of different languages, different currencies, different social customs, ambitions and hatreds that go back to Caesar's day. "There will be no sound basis for understanding," complained London's weekly *Spectator*, "till a great many more Americans recognize . . . that between the federation of 13 small and contiguous Anglo-Saxon states in 1788 and a proposed federation of European states today there is virtually no similarity except a name."

First, Valley Forge. In fact, Europeans sometimes point out that the U.S. had a common army at Valley Forge before it had a common constitution at Philadelphia. Western Europe is more intent now on surviving a Valley Forge than in building a Philadelphia. Even impatient Paul-Henri Spaak realized that. "The new Europe [cannot] be born full-panoplied from a few men's brains," he said. "We shall first have to solve a whole series of difficult practical problems." Foremost is the European army.

Men who helped conceive it seemed suddenly taken aback by its revolutionary scope. The Belgians, most prosperous of the West Europeans, complained that a common budget would hurt their standard of living, argued that a common army would gobble up all their armed forces. Belgians proposed a loose coalition. The



BELGIUM'S SPAAK
Before Philadelphia, Valley Forge.

Dutch feared that the European army would be controlled in its first years by the French (whose defense-mindedness they mistrust) and later by the Germans (whose ambitions they mistrust more). Germans were balking—some because they wanted German unity first, others because they thought they could delay until the U.S., in desperation, gave them their own army and general staff. The French themselves were besieged with second thoughts.

Difficulties & Dangers. Far more than the Schuman Plan, the European army is a test of Western Europe's intentions. "When it is [only] a question of tons of steel and coal," said Belgium's foot-dragging Foreign Minister Paul van Zeland, "one can make large concessions." Yet just as real as the difficulties are the dangers: the plain fact is that no European nation can by itself defend itself. The federation proposed by Spaak is a long way off; the partial federation proposed by

Messrs. Schuman and Plevin need not be. While Western Europeans hesitated to make this lesser step, Joseph Stalin was making a federation of his own in the satellite states of Eastern Europe—not the kind of federation which Europeans had long dreamed of, only the kind they saw in nightmares.

NATO

Toward Equilibrium

The North Atlantic Alliance is a coalition, not a federation; its Supreme Commander Ike Eisenhower can only beg, he cannot compel. How much should each of the twelve partners contribute to the common defense?

Because the military experts of SHAPE and the politicians of the various nations could not get together on an answer at the North Atlantic Council session in Ottawa last September, the U.S.'s W. Averell Harriman, France's Jean Monnet and Britain's Sir Edward Plowden were chosen to allocate fair shares for all. Last week the Three Wise Men, as their NATO colleagues have dubbed them, made their recommendations to the Temporary Council Committee (the Twelve Apostles), on which all NATO members are represented. Gist of the Wise Men's report:

¶ The U.S., Britain, Portugal and Iceland (which has no army) have budgeted a "satisfactory" expenditure for defense.

¶ The other NATO allies can do better. Specifically, Belgium ought to spend 50% more and Denmark 40% more; these two countries have the highest standard of living in Europe, but are not contributing a proportionate share of their national income to defense. France, The Netherlands, Norway, Italy and Canada should raise their defense outlay by about 5%.

Actually, the Wise Men are asking only about \$800 million more from all the European allies—not enough to equip and maintain one division, with air support, through 1953-54. And the U.S. is really paying about 90% of the entire bill. Nevertheless, the air was thick with outcries. Most indignant were the Belgians, who cried that their high standard of living and control over inflation stems from sound monetary policy, for which the Wise Men now propose to penalize them. The Italians said they just couldn't afford more arms, because the Po floods had inundated them with unforeseen costs. The French grumbled that their Parliament was in a tax-cutting mood.

Some of these cries are the kind that diplomats, like traders in a bazaar, make in the first stage of negotiations; what matters is their final stand at Lisbon in February. But Eisenhower took no chances. For an hour and a half, he addressed the Twelve Apostles, arguing that they adopt the Wise Men's program as the only hope of establishing military "equilibrium" with Russia within twelve months.

"Without a plan of this sort," said Ike, "we'll never achieve the serenity and confidence to which Western Europe and the rest of us are entitled."

* Among earlier federalists: William Penn, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Immanuel Kant, Coudenhove-Kalergi and Aristide Briand.

FOREIGN NEWS

EGYPT

Breaking with the British

For five days Egypt's cabinet debated a gesture of defiance to Britain. It could recall its ambassador—a relatively mild sort of formal protest; it could withdraw him—a more vigorous step; or it could break off relations, as the street mobs demanded. At this point, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, who has the well-schooled diplomat's intuition in such matters, dispatched a conciliatory message to Cairo explaining why General Erskine had to bulldoze some Egyptian huts (TIME, Dec. 17) and offering compensation. U.S. Ambassador Jefferson Caffery, called in by the Egyptian Foreign Office for consultation, urged caution. So did King Farouk. The cabinet took the mildest possible course; it recalled Egypt's ambassador, left a chargé d'affaires to carry on in London.

Even this was hard on the ambassador, Abdel Fattah Amr Pasha, a dapper man of 42, who has spent half his life in Britain, holds an Oxford law degree, and once captained a British squash rackets team. His favorite pastime is typically British: bird watching. When he called at the Foreign Office for a formal leave-taking, he and fellow Oxonian Anthony Eden spent an hour in friendly talk.

Amr Pasha's regrets were typical of invisible Anglo-Egyptian ties that have grown up in 70 years and that went unnoticed until strained. In another gesture to the streets, the Egyptian cabinet announced that it would seize and present to the people the exclusive Gezira Sporting Club, set in the heart of fashionable Cairo. Within hours, well-padded Egyptians were pounding desks in government offices. Gezira—a sprawling private park studded with racecourse, swimming pool, gardens, clubhouse—is no longer a British preserve, they pointed out: more than half its 5,000 members are Egyptian. And Egypt's rich are no more anxious than the British to let Egypt's downtrodden take over their playground.

IRAN

"To Hell"

Iran's lower house of Parliament, the Majlis, was transformed into one of the strangest lodging houses in history. In one wing, six actors and three actresses rehearsed a French play called *Robe Rouge* for presentation in the Majlis gardens. The production was originally scheduled for Teheran's Saadi Theater, but Mossadegh's nationalist hoodlums, suspecting something leftist about the theater, had wrecked it. The Majlis, traditional refuge from political persecution, was the only safe place left for the players.

In another wing, pajama-clad Jamal Imami, a wealthy, uncompromising right-wing Deputy sat on the edge of a cot and explained to a British newsmen: "The

only possible solution is for this government to be overthrown. We shall stay here until this is achieved." A tray of dirty dishes and a thermos bottle perched on a nearby window ledge. Servants strolled through the building bearing food and bedrolls for the 30 editors and Deputies who had taken refuge in the Majlis from the nationalist mob.

The editors clustered around a stove in one room, writing editorials and giving orders to staff men who slipped in to see them. They sniffed nasegays and munched bonbons sent in by admirers. Personal bodyguards came & went with visitors to the sit-ins.

One day the Majlis met, whereupon partisans of both sides scrapped in the



SITDOWNER IMAMI
Bonbons, actors and bedrolls.

gallery and chased each other through the halls. As soon as soldiers butted them apart, the Deputies in the chamber below began hooting and slamming desks, while outside a gang of Mossadegh mobsters beat on the Majlis gates and screamed, "Death to Mossadegh's opponents." When order was restored, Oppositionist Imami yelled at Mossadegh: "Go on outside and talk to your stabbers." "I will go..." said Mossadegh, near tears. "...to hell!" said Imami.

Mossadegh's No. 2 man, Deputy Premier Hussein Fatemi, sternly warned Iran's old oil customers (including Great Britain) that they had exactly ten days to resume buying Iranian oil. After that, he implied, Iran would sell to Russia and her satellites. The threat was about as empty as Iran's treasury. The West no longer hangs on Iran's oil.

By boosting production in other Middle East fields and speeding worldwide refinery output, most of the West's deficit has

already been replaced. The only way Iran could ship its oil to the Reds would be by tanker. As of the last count, Russia and satellites have exactly 23 of the world's 1,955 oceangoing tankers.

The Mohammedan Koran sternly forbids the use of alcoholic beverages, but through the centuries, Moslem Iran drank freely and happily of the fermented grape, and produced a bibulous poet, Omar Khayyam. Last week, in Omar Khayyam's homeland, the Majlis turned on liquor as though it were the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. itself, voted for prohibition.

GREAT BRITAIN

A London Particular

"This," explained young Mr. Cuppy to the bewildered 19th Century traveler in Dickens' *Bleak House*, "is a London particular, a fog."

"This," explained an Air France steward to 33 passengers aboard a plane at London Airport last week, "is what you call a real pea-souper." One of the thickest particulars in London's fogbound history was blanketing the field. It had caught the airliner just after she landed on Runway 280. Before the French pilot could brake to a stop, his aircraft was blanketed. "Stay where you are" ordered the control tower in answer to his plea. "We'll tow you in." Pilot Legillou ordered champagne and brandy passed out to the passengers. "We must be happy while we wait," he said. An airline bus set out to the rescue across the runways. It promptly got lost. A truck was sent to find the bus. It also got lost. Within an hour five separate search parties were groping helplessly about the field. At long last, a lone motorcyclist loomed out of the mist at the plane's door. "I've found you," he told the passengers cheerfully, "but now I've lost myself." Off he went into the fog again.

An hour later, a bus worked its way at last to the plane's side and picked up the passengers. They arrived at the waiting-room only to learn that the truck which carried all their luggage was lost in the fog.

Soon the fog had spread over the entire city. At least 25 people were injured stumbling through its gloom; King George VI had to cancel a trip to the theater—his first evening out since his operation three months ago; greyhound racing at the White City was abandoned because dogs couldn't see the hare; and a mallard duck flying blind over central London slammed into Victoria Station and crash-landed on No. 6 platform.

Impressing the Tailor

In 1946, war-battered and broke, Britain got a \$3.7 billion loan from the U.S., another \$1.2 billion from Canada. The Labor government promised to start repaying both loans on Dec. 31, 1951. Last week, as the deadline approached, Britain

announced that it would pay the first installments on schedule. The U.S. share: \$51.5 million on principal, \$50 million in interest.

It was an impressive gesture. Hard-up Britain could have avoided repayment by invoking a clause in the loan agreement allowing it to postpone interest payments. Instead it decided to dip into its dwindling gold and dollar hoard to make good its promise. The Tory government had its own good reasons for honoring the debt punctually. Winston Churchill, due to visit Washington next month, wants to sweeten up U.S. opinion before asking for a bigger share of U.S. Mutual Security funds (perhaps \$300 million). "Our principle," explained a Whitehall official, "is that you should always pay your tailor promptly for the first suit."

The same day, Churchill's government took a step meant to impress, not the tailor, but the world's traders. It relaxed some of the government's tight controls over foreign exchange transactions. A Treasury bulletin announced that henceforth private traders will be allowed to buy & sell foreign currencies in the open market instead of through the state-owned Bank of England. This does not mean that Britain is about to set the pound sterling free to find its own level in world markets, as the U.S. has long urged. The official price of a pound sterling will stay pegged at \$2.80. But private banks will now be able to haggle for dollars, yen and kroner on their own terms, getting the best price they can—so long as the pounds bought for immediate use do not rise above \$2.83 or fall below \$2.77 in the transaction. The change will mean nothing to tourists and perhaps little to traders. But Chancellor R. A. ("Rab") Butler was in effect making a gesture in the direction of free markets, as if to affirm that the give & take of private trading and not the rigid mechanism of authority is the proper way to set the value of a nation's currency. Like the payment to the tailor, it might not be much more than a gesture, but it was a gesture in the right direction.

Four Valuable Hours

At 2 p.m. on June 2, 1947, a wealthy India tea planter named John Spencer Wilkie arrived in England for surgical treatment. After a couple of operations and months of hospitalization, Scots-born Planter Wilkie began to worry about the length of his stay in England. He knew very well that a visitor who stays longer than six months in Britain must pay full British income tax (in 1947 the rate was 45%, plus surtax on incomes over \$8,000). At 10 a.m. on Dec. 2, after an anxious two-day delay, he had himself flown out of England on a stretcher. Wilkie thought he had beaten the tax collector, but Britain's revenue men grabbed him, demanded £6,000 (\$16,800).

Wilkie fought his case through to Britain's High Court of Justice. There last week plaintiff and defendants really got down to cases. Wilkie's lawyer argued that since 1948 was a leap year, the 1947-



ECA's Surfin
Indigestion can be fatal too.

48 tax year (beginning April 5) had an extra day, and the half year was therefore 183 days. The revenue people, determined to get their man, dug up an 1842 tax law which says that six months means six lunar months. This would have defeated Wilkie but Judge Sir Terence Norbert Donovan ruled the 1842 law out of date. Britain's Solicitor General Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, for the Inland Revenue Commissioners, then argued that an old general rule of law states that fractions of days shall be treated as whole days. Thus, both June 2 and Dec. 2 counted as full days, and, for their purposes, Wilkie had been in England altogether 184 days. The judge nipped that one: by that kind of reckoning, the year had 368 days, and Wilkie could count 184 days as a nonresident of Britain. Then Judge Donovan had another bright idea: Why not count hours? That did it. In the 366-day, 8,784-hour, 1947-48 tax year, Wilkie had spent 4,388 hours in England. It was four hours less than a half year. Tea Planter Wilkie won his case.

GERMANY

Ring Around Berlin

West Berlin, an island of freedom in Soviet East Germany, lost a little of its opportunity to strike back if another Berlin airlift is ever necessary. Because nearly all of Germany's trunk railroads converge like spokes into the hub of Berlin, the Allies have always wielded a sort of railroad veto over Red Germany. Last week the Russians canceled out the veto by completing the last link of a 100-mile bypass railroad circling Berlin, all in Soviet territory. Their 15-mile link to a long-planned loop took nearly a year, required 5,000 laborers, and was made possible only "by applying Soviet working methods," said the East Germans.

For the Russians, the circular bypass would 1) make it easier to blockade Berlin again, and to escape being humiliated as they were in the 1948 blockade, when the West forced them to reroute trains far out into the poky single-track hinterlands; 2) make it possible to build up its armored line on the Elbe without advertising the fact by sending trainloads of troops and tanks through Berlin.

SPAIN

How to Help

The man who stepped off a plane at Madrid last September, followed by an efficient-looking retinue of 25 men & women, was a Ph.D. from Syracuse. Professor Sidney Sufrin had been hired by ECA to find out once & for all just how strong Francisco Franco's economy is, and what might be done to help it in the interests of Western Europe's defense.

Last week, two months ahead of schedule, the Sufrin mission finished its job. It had steered clear of the social whirl which delights and hampers Madrid's official world with an average of 25 diplomatic cocktail parties a week. Finding official statistics totally unreliable, Sufrin & Co. had fanned out across the country. They hiked up the Pyrenees, Guadarrama and Cantabrian mountain ranges to have a firsthand look at hydroelectric plants. They poked underground in Asturias' and Galicia's coal pits, riding in shafts without safety devices. They visited factories, farms, fishing centers, shipyards. They talked with workers, industrialists, peasants and bureaucrats. They offered neither criticism nor advice—they just noted.

Usable Luggage. In his Madrid apartment, preparing to leave for Washington, Professor Sufrin had his team's survey all wrapped up in a 180,000-word report; it included the first complete inventory of Spain's agricultural and industrial resources.

"You see," he said, pointing to a hodge-podge array of new and old suitcases he was packing, "the Spanish economy is like this luggage. It has been collected all around the world. Part is new, part old. Some pieces have Yale locks, others are held together with ropes. But it's all good enough for travel..." Though Spain has often been pictured as on the verge of bankruptcy and starvation, said Sufrin, it is more nearly self-sufficient than some other European nations (e.g., Britain and Belgium). If Spain were to lower slightly its already low standard of living, which Sufrin puts at \$160 income a year per Spaniard, it could do without foreign aid and without international trade.

Spain's economic troubles, says Sufrin, lie in 1) bad distribution of resources and goods, low standards of maintenance, 2) state control purely for the sake of control, 3) a shortage of skilled workers, 4) poor agricultural organization and 5) inefficient general management. These ailments cannot be cured, he said, by indiscriminately handing out dollars (Spanish officials would like about \$300 or \$400



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Ile de France, Dec. 26; Jan. 12; Feb. 15; March 5, 21; April 9, 30; First Class, \$325; Cabin, \$210; Tourist, \$165.

De Grasse, First Class, \$220; Cabin, \$176. Other French Line offices: Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Halifax, Montreal,

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million). "Spain will never die of starvation, but she can die of indigestion if we give her more beef than she can chew."

"No Deluge of Dollars." Even if, for military and political reasons, the U.S. decides to try a far-reaching rehabilitation of Spain, Sufrin is against any deluge of dollars. He recommends rehabilitation in three successive phases: existing equipment must be put to work at full capacity (it is now operating 20% below); then, there should be small investments in the form of raw materials; and finally, after these steps are taken, there can be larger investments. In the meantime, Spanish workers must be trained in new skills, and the country's power and transport system drastically improved.

"If we are to have a positive policy toward Spain, the standard of living must be raised," he concluded. "Politics is no field of mine, but economics teach us that an underfed worker is a poor worker."

INDIA

Nehru's Test

The former princely state of Hyderabad lies diamond-like on the plush-green tableland of southern India. In 1948 the Communists tried to grab Hyderabad. Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru sent in 10,000 police, outlawed the Communist Party, and jailed 6,000 Reds. The Communists switched from smash & grab to a confidence-man technique: through a phony People's Democratic Front they began sponsoring candidates for the first All-India general elections in history, an immense and impressive undertaking in which 173 million people (most of them illiterate) are marching to the polls in an election which will take three months. Teams of officials are touring the countryside, explaining how to vote, and setting up elections in district after district.

Last week Nehru, whose tough 1948 policy has been weakened by buttery handshaking with China's Comrade Mao, proved again that on home territory he knows very well what the Communists are up to. Visiting Hyderabad's Communist-dominated Warangal district, he spoke under great flower-draped portraits of himself and Gandhi, telling cheering crowds that the Communists "are a party of murder, arson and loot, not of progress." Nehru plainly considered Hyderabad a crucial test in schooling his people in democracy.

THE PHILIPPINES

The Charge: Murder

In Negros Occidental, second most populous province in the Philippines, everything ran on time: the buses, sugar production and the voters. The Hukos were nonexistent; the roads at night were made as safe as Dewey Boulevard in Manila at high noon; sugar output, hard hit by war, had been quickly restored; and the voters knew exactly what to do—or else. Special police, armed with carbines, made sure there were no slip-ups.

All in all, Negros Occidental was a well-run little police state and its Mussolini was Governor Rafael Lacson. He was, that is, until last month's election.

Moises Padilla was an insignificant figure but a courageous man, a former lieutenant in the U.S. Far East forces and later a local guerrilla leader who fought the Japanese. When election time rolled around, Padilla filed as *Nacionalista* candidate for mayor of Magallon, a dusty little pip on the map. Governor Lacson, a member of the Liberal Party, who liked to boast that he had 200,000 votes in his pocket, notified Padilla to clear out if he valued his health.

Three Days. Padilla stayed right where he was. He also sent word to Defense Secretary Ramon Magsaysay (*TIME*, Nov. 26) that it was time to show Negros Occidental he meant his pledge of honest,



GOVERNOR RAFAEL LACSON
Opposition unwanted.

free elections. Magsaysay promptly sent a bodyguard plus 300 marines, later a large contingent of R.O.T.C. men. Then, three days before the balloting, Padilla's bodyguard was withdrawn—exactly on whose orders no one knows yet.

Moises Padilla lost the election. But the boss wasn't through with him. The day after, Padilla was picked up and a grim procession began. His hands tied, Padilla was led from one provincial town to another and beaten methodically while spectators were told to take a good look and see what happened to those who defied Lacson.

Two Words. One day Padilla's mother got to see her son. Beaten almost beyond recognition, he managed two words: "Communicate Magsaysay." But when Magsaysay got to Negros Occidental, it was too late. Padilla's body lay on a prison bench dripping with blood. Police pointed to bullet wounds in his back and explained that he had been shot while

trying to escape. The autopsy showed, however, that Padilla's legs were broken before he was shot; he couldn't have taken a step. Magsaysay sent the body back to Manila for a military funeral and grimly set to work.

He moved slowly and painstakingly. He saw easygoing President Quirino and reportedly laid down an ultimatum: it was his job or Lacson's. Governor Lacson was suspended. A civil affairs team was ordered to gather evidence, piece by piece. Last week Magsaysay thought he had what he wanted. Justice Department representatives walked into the court in the provincial capital and filed charges against Governor Lacson and 25 henchmen, including three local mayors, two local chiefs of police. The charge was murder.

CHINA

Frank Admissions

"Enrich yourselves!" the Bolsheviks told Russia's peasants in the rosy first dawn of the Revolution, when the large estates were divided up with Marxist equality. The peasants enriched themselves, but equality did not last long. So Stalin drove the peasants into state collective farms, or *kolkhozes*.

The old Soviet pattern now seems to be at work in China. In 1946, the peasants in Shansi province, in the northwest, were among the first in China to be violently communized: landlords were liquidated and everything was divided equally, not only the land but hoes and scythes. Even farm animals were slaughtered so as to be divisible. Last week Mao Tse-tung's Reds made public a study of what happened to 600 Shansi peasant families in five villages during five years of agrarian reform. The report was full of standard propaganda touches—"Drowning of girl babies has stopped," and "Sexual promiscuity has been reduced by 74%"—and it talked glowingly of increased production and increased education, but it contained some frank admissions.

A sixth of the families have illegally sold some of their land to pay for weddings and funerals. At the other end, about as many family heads have increased their holdings, and some have even begun lending money to the *nouveau* poor at interest of 60% a year. All in all, 20% of the peasants have become poor, while about 20% have become "obviously wealthy." Lamented the Red report: "Some peasants show no interest in politics . . . They think that the revolution has been completed."

Far from it. The report notes admiringly: "Some peasants have undertaken to adopt the pattern of an agricultural cooperative. Under this system the land would be collectively cultivated and the produce distributed according to the members' contribution of labor and land." Obviously, the 42.3% of the peasants who still prefer to "work by themselves" and "yearn for the capitalist way of getting rich" might profitably remember what happened to the Russian *kulak*.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Free Money

Canada last week set the Canadian dollar completely free. By cabinet decision, all foreign-exchange controls were abolished and Canada became the first controlled-currency country to abandon money restrictions imposed during and after World War II.*

Canadians may now spend their money anywhere—to travel, to buy & sell, to invest in stocks and private businesses in the U.S., in French champagne, Brazilian coffee or Russian caviar. Canadian businessmen can trade their goods in any country and convert foreign currency at home. Foreign investors, whose prewar

fat U.S. dollar balance, built in part by heavy U.S. investments in Canadian development. The country's U.S. dollar reserves are now brimming over the \$1,680,000,000 mark, more than three times what Canada had on hand in 1947, when she put the lid down on U.S. travel and imports. "We are sufficiently sure of our ability to pay our bills," said Finance Minister Douglas Abbott. "We don't need protective measures."

King's Secret

When the London *Psychic News* revealed last year that the late Mackenzie King had been a practicing spiritualist for 25 years (TIME, Oct. 23, 1950), most Canadians put it down as one more quirk in

predecessor, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with the late President Franklin Roosevelt, and even with Pat, his departed Irish terrier.

King's first "contact" with Roosevelt came during a séance with Geraldine Cummins, a British medium who scribbles spirit messages in automatic writing. King asked Roosevelt whether he should retire, and got back a terse answer. "Don't retire, stay on the job," the Roosevelt message read. "Your country needs you." Some time after King had returned to Canada, Miss Cummins said, she got a further communication from Roosevelt; the President had changed his mind and thought King should retire at once. Miss Cummins sent the word along to Ottawa.

The Roosevelt spirit was more self-assured when King attended another Cummins séance in 1948. "The President told Mr. King to watch Asia—that's where the danger lay," Miss Cummins told Fraser. "The Berlin airlift which was a focus of attention then was a side issue, a Soviet bluff. There was no mention of Korea by name, but F.D.R. did say he thought there'd be war in the Far East within two years."

ARGENTINA

Jailed Press

The newspaper *El Intransigente*, in the northern Argentine city of Salta, was neither as big, old, rich, or famous as Buenos Aires' late great *La Prensa*. But under the editing of David Michel Torino, 56, it was Salta's best newspaper. Like *La Prensa*, *El Intransigente* was also outspokenly anti-Perón. For that it has been forced to pay with its life.

Two years ago its plant was padlocked for alleged reselling of newsprint—though the difference between what the newspaper bought and what it used had been less than eleven ounces. Then Perón expropriated Editor Torino's personal property, and a Salta judge slapped a lien on his bank account. Torino fought back, brought out a mimeographed edition of *El Intransigente*, and appealed for help to the Inter-American Press Association. Perón declined to let the Association's commission into Argentina, then jailed Torino for running his clandestine paper and for "disrespect" toward the Salta judge.

Last week, penniless and broken in health, Torino was still in the Salta jail; he has yet to be sentenced for anything. When his lawyer petitioned for a writ of habeas corpus, the lawyer was thrown in jail for "disrespect." Torino's doctor, who got permission to move Torino to a Salta hospital for a hernia operation last month, also landed in jail. His offense: protesting when the authorities ordered Torino back to jail only four days after the operation. Perón even found a way to send *El Intransigente* to jail. By terms of his expropriation decree, the mechanical plant of the newspaper was presented to the Salta jail for its job-printing department.



ROOSEVELT & KING*

Through one medium or another, communication continued.

investments have been frozen in Canada, can now get them out.

The decision to end currency controls clearly reflected Canada's current prosperity. Her budget surplus is already more than \$600 million, far beyond the expectations of government experts, who predicted it would total only \$30 million for the fiscal year. Canadian inflation has been kept within tolerable limits by tight credit restrictions rather than direct price controls. As a result, Canada's economy is regarded abroad as one of the soundest and most orthodox in the world. Proof of her reputation was the fact that the Canadian dollar, one of the world's few free currencies, last week was riding a five-year high of 98 U.S. cents in the foreign-exchange markets.

The clinching factor in Canada's decision to drop all foreign currency controls was the

the enigmatic private life of their veteran Prime Minister. But Blair Fraser, an editor of *Maclean's* magazine, wanted to know more about King's well-kept secret. This year he went to Britain, where King's spiritualist activities centered, to dig for information. Last week Fraser's findings were published in *Maclean's*.

In England and Scotland, Fraser interviewed four leading spiritualists who had attended séances with the Prime Minister. From them, Fraser learned that Bachelor King had not confined his spirit contacts to his adored mother, whose constantly lighted portrait dominated King's Ottawa study and first awakened his interest in spiritualism. According to the spiritualists, King often attended two séances a week when he was in Britain, and communicated with other dead relatives, with his

* Among the belligerents, only the U.S. kept its currency free.

* At Alexandria Bay, N.Y., for the dedication of the Thousand Islands International Bridge in 1938.

PEOPLE



DEAN ACHESON
Old favorite.

Things to Think About

In Rome, on his 88th birthday, Philosopher **George Santayana** granted one of his rare interviews to a thoughtful reporter: "I haven't changed my mind basically about my philosophy, but I don't have the sense of simplicity that I used to have . . . Once upon a time I was not reconciled to the world because there were many things about it I did not like. Today, I am still not reconciled to it but for another reason—that I find things are not so simple to explain as I once imagined."

The Tidings, weekly Catholic newspaper of the Los Angeles archdiocese, charged **Eleanor Roosevelt** with being an agnostic who "apparently does not acknowledge God" and is therefore unfit to have headed the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. The argument started on the CBS program *This I Believe*, when Mrs. Roosevelt said "I don't know whether I believe in a future life. . . . I came to feel that it didn't really matter very much, because whatever the future held you'd have to face it when you came to it, just as whatever life holds, you have to face it the same way. . . . I think I am pretty much a fatalist." However, a fatalist is not necessarily an agnostic, said Mrs. Roosevelt, in answering *The Tidings*: "I do believe in immortality, but I haven't been able to decide exactly what form it might take. There are so many possibilities. For example, there is a question in my mind whether we will appear physically as we appear now. It seems unnecessary to try to decide the exact form that immortality will take. We won't be able to change it and we must accept it. And we must meet it with courage and do our best."

On the Christmas list of recent religious books: *The Kingdom of God Is Within You*, by **Leo Tolstoy** (Page; \$3) with a

foreword of appreciation by Actress **Mary Martin**. It all went back to her meeting with India's Prime Minister **Nehru**, who asked her how she managed to keep so fresh during the long run of *South Pacific*. By reading something different, she answered. Whereupon he recommended the autobiography of **Gandhi**, in which Gandhi discussed Tolstoy's book.

In San Francisco, after winning a twelve-round decision in a non-title bout with Light-Heavyweight Champion **Joey Maxim**, ex-Heavyweight Champion **Ezzard Charles** gave a dressing-room interview. Said the ranking contender for another crack at the title **Joe Walcott** took away from him last July: "I think I can whip anyone in the world until they beat me."

Roses All the Way

As Chancellor of Bristol University, **Winston Churchill** awarded honorary doctorates to nine "Men of Ability," including former Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer **Sir Stafford Cripps**. Still not up to traveling the 30 miles of winter roads, Cripps received his degree *in absentia*. Following the Bristol tradition of lightsome eulogies, a university Latin professor said of Sir Stafford: "His favorite drink is water; his favorite food, a scraped carrot. While in politics he is left of the left, in matters of right and wrong he is inclined to be right. . . . He is gifted with a winning voice which can make the warnings of Cassandra sound like the love note of Apollo."

The **Earl of Athlone**, Chancellor of the University of London, awarded an honorary Doctor of Laws degree to the youngest person ever so honored in the university's history: his grandniece, 25-year-old **Princess Elizabeth**.



GRETA GARBO
"I'm not in pictures any more."



BARBARA ANN SCOTT
New maneuvers.

In Paris, **Sir Charles Mendl** received an 80th birthday present from his connoisseur friend **Ludwig Bemelmans**: 80 Belon oysters frozen in a block around a magnum of champagne.

All preened, pearled, jeweled and plumed, Canada's former Olympic Skating Champion **Barbara Ann Scott** paused in her rink maneuvers long enough to give photographers a look at one of the new costumes she wears in her biggest professional job to date: star spot in the Hollywood Ice Review, formerly held by **Sanja Henie**, who bowed out after 15 years. Now on tour, the show will open in Madison Square Garden next month.

Virtuosos

Photographers at New York's Idlewild Airport spotted fair game stepping off an incoming plane: the reluctant **Greta Garbo**, who hid behind dark glasses, tossed her shaggy mane and vainly pleaded, "Please leave me alone. I'm not in pictures any more."

To Major **James Jabara**, first jet ace of the Air Force, came another honor of sorts. He was named Cigar Smoker of the Year by the Cigar Institute of America and given five hundred 15¢ stogies.

Aboard the *S.S. Independence*, after a weary month of playing political chess in the U.N. General Assembly meeting in Paris and the NATO meeting in Rome, Secretary of State **Dean Acheson** was caught in a moment of fearful concentration as he relaxed with the old deck game of shuffleboard.

In Washington, the Supreme Court admitted two more lawyers to practice before its bar: Price Boss **Mike Di Sallo** and Cleveland District Attorney **Don C. Miller**, only one of the famed Four Horsemen (1924) to forsake football after graduation from Notre Dame.

Bourgeois Heartbreak

Paris Poet Blaise Cendrars used to baffle the bourgeois, and build up his painter friends, by writing such wild lines as these (about Marc Chagall):

*He grabs a cow and paints with the cow
With a sardine
With heads, hands, knives . . .*

Lately, Cendrars has chilled to his old chums, and steered clear of art galleries. In a recent issue of *Les Arts* magazine he explains why: "Nowadays all painters, even those who call themselves Communists, paint only for millionaires . . . I am heartbroken to have battled to install these bourgeois . . . Last time I saw Picasso, he looked seedy. 'What's the matter, Pablo?' I said.

"Ah," he sighed, 'I've just dropped several million on Royal Dutch.'

"What on earth are you up to, buying stocks?" I said to him. 'Who put that idea into your head?'

"My broker, naturally," said Picasso.

"Well, serves you right," I said.

"Furthermore, what have all these gentlemen done with their dough? Not one of them knows how to spend it handsomely. Do you know of one who ruined himself with a racing stable, or with a dancer? No, all bourgeois."

Displaced Masterpiece

Before the war in Italy rolled north to Monte Cassino, the chief ornament of the monastery's Chapel of the Assumption was a handsome altarpiece of the Virgin. Then the ancient monastery threatened to become a defensive keystone for the Germans, and U.S. bombers leveled it.* The painting, by 17th-Century Paolo de Mattei, disappeared amid the rubble. Officially it was written off as a lost art treasure.

Last week the State Department announced that De Mattei's *Assumption of the Virgin* was not lost, just displaced. A German private who was also something of an artist had spotted the picture in the ruins, rolled it up and carried it away with him. He cached it for a while in Austria, then took it home to Bavaria. Eventually he wrote to the abbot of Monte Cassino, offering to return the picture if he was hired to repair it himself. U.S. Occupation authorities traced the letter, briskly reclaimed the painting and sent it on to the Bavarian State Picture Gallery in Munich for authentication.

* Not without military controversy beforehand. New Zealand's General Bernard Freyberg, commanding the assault troops, insisted on the bombing. His superior, U.S. General Mark Clark, resisted for a while, then reluctantly referred the matter to the theater commander, British General Sir Harold Alexander, who gave the go-ahead. Winston Churchill's later verdict: "The result was not good. The Germans now had every excuse for making whatever use they could of the rubble of the ruins, and this gave them even better opportunities for defense than when the building was intact."



MONTE CASSINO'S ALTARPIECE
Not lost, just liberated.

Last week, still showing battle scars of blasted paint and torn canvas, the *Assumption* was back in Italy, where it will be restored and given its old place in Monte Cassino's reconstructed chapel.

Painter & Wife

When he was not painting grim ringside views of prizefighters at work, Artist George Bellows liked nothing better than to paint pleasant pictures of his pretty wife Emma. Bellows painted six of them in 15 years, and all but two were sold. Last week Emma Bellows was offering



H. V. Allison & Company
BELLOWS' "EMMA IN A PURPLE DRESS"
Not upset, just puzzled.

her favorite for sale at a small Manhattan showing of her husband's works.

As one of Bellows' best, *Emma in a Purple Dress* ranks high among U.S. portraits. Scanning his wife's trim ankles, high-piled dark hair and tapering fingers with an appreciative, penetrating eye, Bellows managed to give her face and figure the elegance and spirit of a Goya duchess, her simple low-waisted silk dress an air of perennial chic. It was the last portrait he ever did of his wife. In 1925, two years after he completed it, he died at 42, at the peak of his talent.

Since then, Emma Bellows has lived on in the small Manhattan house where her husband had his studio. She has spent her time raising their two daughters, managing the fat parcel of canvases Painter Bellows left behind ("That's a full-time job, choosing varnishes, choosing frames"). By carefully supervised sales to important U.S. museums and collections, she has supported herself, helped establish her husband as one of America's favorite painters. "I won't let just anybody buy George's paintings," she says. "I want them placed where they can be seen."

Last week, a plump grandmother of 67, Emma Bellows was not upset at the thought of parting with her last important portrait, but she was still puzzling over one thing. "I know that dress by heart. I made the jacket myself. The skirt was rose-colored, the jacket blue. I don't know why he called it *Emma in a Purple Dress*."

Pennsylvania Romantic

At 37, Walter Stuempfig has earned a niche for himself as one of the nation's foremost "romantic" painters (TIME, Dec. 12, 1949). The subject of much of his romanticism: the streets and suburban landscapes of his native Pennsylvania. Last week the prize exhibit of Stuempfig's latest Manhattan show was a big, misty view of a town he has been painting for two decades.

Norristown (wrongly identified as Conshohocken in the exhibition catalogue), ten miles from Stuempfig's Chestnut Hill home, is far from romantic to the unpracticed eye. But by painting it from a vantage point overlooking the Schuylkill River, Stuempfig has thrown new light on its smoke-darkened silhouettes. Using a mixed technique of tempera with oil glazes on heavy canvas, Stuempfig gradually built a spacious river town veiled in a warm and somehow sad early morning dimness. The neo-classical composition recalls Corot's Italian landscapes, and its distant, county-courthouse dome might almost be mistaken for St. Peter's in Rome. "Pennsylvania towns," Stuempfig insists, "do have an Italian look."

Stuempfig shuns modern experiments, keeps a reproduction of a Corot in his studio, and constantly combs his own neighborhood for moving, nostalgic subjects. Asked why his landscapes so often look sad, he replies: "Maybe it's because even the landscape isn't safe any more, what with these new turnpikes and everything."

FAITH & WORKS

Chartres Cathedral is a 700-year-old witness to the truth that faith can work miracles. Christ, who was born in a stable, has no more beautiful home on earth.

These ten reproductions of Chartres' matchless stained-glass windows tell the story of His coming. Each panel is a chapter: the annunciation to the Virgin that she is to be the mother of Jesus, the birth in the manger, the glad tidings to the shepherds, the star-guided Magi's visit to King Herod, the presentation of Jesus at the temple, Joseph's dream-warning of Herod's murderous plan, the flight into Egypt, and Herod's massacre of the newborn innocents.

It is an old, familiar story, known even to unbelievers. Yet each Christmas the hearts of Christendom open to it anew, and find it more magical than winter's first snowfall.

The Cathedral

Chartres Cathedral, standing high above a windswept plain, 55 miles southwest of Paris, was built by farming folk. From the 4th Century, Chartres had been their spiritual center. When their Christian church, on the site of a Druid shrine, was destroyed by pagan Normans in 858, the people built a better one. Three times in the next three centuries, the church was swept by ruinous fires. Each time they made it more splendid than before.

Between 1194 and 1260, the community slowly raised the great cathedral that now stands at Chartres. An abbot, who watched the dedicated builders dragging great stone blocks five miles from the quarry, wrote with pride and amazement:

"Who has ever heard tell, in times past, that powerful princes . . . that nobles, men and women, have bent their proud and haughty necks to the harness of carts, and that, like beasts of burden, they have dragged to the abode of Christ these wagons? . . . Often a thousand persons are attached to the chariots—so great is the difficulty—yet they march in such silence that not a murmur is heard . . . When they halt on the road, nothing is heard but the confession of sins, and pure and suppliant prayer to God . . ."

The Windows

Chartres' windows have made the cathedral world-famed. Among the earliest surviving examples of Gothic stained glass, they are also the best. Yet the men who created them were amateurs, who may have had some knowledge of enameling but had little or none of glass. They learned as they worked. Each tiny frag-



THE ANNUNCIATION



THE NATIVITY



THE SHEPHERDS



KING HEROD



JOSEPH'S DREAM



FLIGHT



THE SCRIBE



THE THREE MAGI



INTO EGYPT



PRESENTATION AT THE TEMPLE



HEROD ORDERS THE MASSACRE



MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

ment of glass, averaging an eighth of an inch thick, was chopped with the care and precision that jewels require. Laid flat on a full-scale drawing of the window, the fragments were inserted into the grooves of malleable lead bars that formed the panels. Only after the completed panels were fastened to iron cross-bars in the 38-ft. windows themselves could the glaziers judge the full brilliance of their art.

Blue and red, like mingled ice and fire, rule the windows. The blue, in scores of subtle hues, admits arrows of sapphire light. The red spills a hail of rubies into the cathedral's dimness. Diamondlike borders of white dots keep the chief colors from crowding each other. Subsidiary greens, purples and golds help create an effect richer and more various than New England's autumn foliage.

It is also a one-dimensional effect; the first Gothic glaziers had neither the inclination nor the techniques for achieving a pictorial illusion of space. And, seen close-to, the drawing is childishly crude. The figures are as bodiless as shadows stopped upon a screen; they gesture with puppetlike stiffness. For all that, they look wonderfully alive, shining through the blaze of color like prophets in a fiery furnace.

Later glaziers, who made the 172 windows of the side aisles and chapels of Chartres, achieved greater realism but no such magnificent color. To the anonymous makers of the earlier windows, color was everything. They used it with all the brilliance and daring that modern scientists apply to atomic particles. With God's help they created a vast yet perfectly ordered implosion of light.

Henry Adams, in his eloquent book about Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres, called these windows "the most splendid color decoration the world ever saw, since no other material, neither silk nor gold, and no opaque color laid on with a brush, can compare with translucent glass, and even the Ravenna mosaics or Chinese porcelains are darkness beside them."

The greatest works of secular art are darkness beside what faith and art, working together, can accomplish. Faith shines through the Chartres windows as serenely as sunlight. To see them is to give thanks that faith, like sunlight, forever returns to mankind.

The photographs reproduced here are the result of the first systematic color study ever made of two of Chartres' greatest (west portal) windows. They were taken by James R. Johnson, a Columbia University art instructor, who used a 70-ft. scaffold to get close-ups of every panel.

RELIGION

Ministry in Lapeer

The Liberty Street Gospel Church of Lapeer, Mich. (pop. 6,000) seats 280 people, but 400 crowded in one night last week. They stood six-deep at the back to pay a tribute to the Rev. Frank S. Hemingway—a man one Lapeerite called “as near a saint as anyone can be without being one.”

Pastor Hemingway was 24 when he came to town 33 years ago to take over the Lapeer Methodist Protestant Church. He was what the townspeople called a “visiting preacher”; he never forgot the people who lived too far away or were too sick to come to church regularly. When radio came along in the '20s, he determined to expand his job at the Methodist church into a mission of the air. He tried to interest nearby cities such as Flint and Saginaw in setting up a broadcasting station strictly for religious programs, but he got no backing. Frank Hemingway set to work in Lapeer to launch his own.

Power of Prayer. With the help of a radio encyclopedia and a few friends, Hemingway set up a one-tube transmitter that ran on a storage battery. The antenna was made of bicycle rims, and even a dog walking under it would joggle the station off frequency, but he kept it going two or three hours a day, six days a week with scripture, organ music, singing, and talks to shut-ins. Hemingway called his station WMPC after Lapeer's Methodist Protestant Church (which later became the Liberty Street Gospel Church).

To this day, little (250-watt) WMPC broadcasts nothing but religious programs. No commercials are allowed, and the station's three full-time engineers (two of them ministers) have instructions to cut any program off the air that asks for money. Part of WMPC's \$40,000-a-year operating budget comes from the donations of Michigan church groups which use radio time. For the remainder, Frank Hemingway prays, and the money never fails to come in, in small, unsolicited contributions.

“Lift Them Tonight.” Fourteen hours a day, Hemingway keeps his “Gospel Radio Station” turning out religion for an audience estimated at 100,000 people. Nondenominational WMPC has 170 groups representing 40 different denominations on the air every month. Neither Catholics nor Jews have yet asked for time, but Hemingway would welcome them.

Last week, when people swarmed to Liberty Street to celebrate the 25th anniversary of WMPC, well-loved Frank Hemingway was not on hand. Ill of diabetes and the after-effects of a stroke last year, worn down by nightly vigils of prayer for his ailing wife, the 57-year-old minister collapsed two hours before the ceremony, and had to listen in like one of his own shut-ins while his friends sang old hymns such as *Bringing in the Sheaves*, prayed God to “bless our pastor and his wife and lift them tonight.”

The Ninth Hour

The mild modern stereotype of a Quaker would surprise the fiery Friends of George Fox's 17th Century as much as today's average idea of a Christian would surprise the dangerously living followers of St. Paul. The early Quakers were not quaint and soft-spoken; they were religious enthusiasts of passion and vociferous outrage who were not afraid to raise their voices against a minister in his pulpit or a slave dealer at his market.

One modern Friend who speaks in the old tradition is Gilbert Kilpack, 38, writer, lecturer and staff member of the Quaker retreat center, Pendle Hill, at Wallingford, Pa. (TIME, June 21, 1948). Published last week, Kilpack's latest pamphlet, *Ninth Hour** (Pendle Hill; 35¢),



PASTOR HEMINGWAY
He expended into the air.

is a voice raised eloquently against the sweetness & light school of Christians. Excerpts:

The Cross. “The Jews and the Romans barbarously nailed Jesus to a cross. We are more refined, but far more vicious. We have made Him entirely respectable. Jesus was of the line of prophets, and the prophets have always been outrageously disrespectful of ancient customs, have always been daring of speech, have always rebelled against human authority—in a word, they have never been content to conduct themselves properly. . . .

“St. Paul declared that in order to be convinced of the truth the Greeks required wisdom and the Jews a miraculous sign. As the perfect evidence of God, they were offered a despised criminal suffering

* “And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour.”—Mark 15:33.

upon a cross. This, said Paul, was a great stumbling block (*scandalum*) to the conviction of the world. . . .

“The cross is the scandal by which God found entrance into His own world. But look what we have done to it: made it respectable and even stylish. . . . The scandal is still too much for us, and we twist and turn to escape it, some saying it is God's saving of man, and others that it is man's reforming of man. Both views are right and both are wrong when held separately. . . . God has always made the first move and shown the way, but He has sworn that on earth we shall not be saved against our will; we must add our wounds to His before the ninth hour is finished.”

Sanctity. “Sanctity consists not of pleasant visions but of faithful discipline. To hold that we are religious only when we feel religious is a most depressing heresy. We may safely wager that the saint never feels like a saint. To make the efficacy of prayer and goodness dependent upon ‘feeling’ is akin to a Napoleon on the eve of battle calling it all off till he feels more heroic. In His ninth hour, Jesus did not feel the Father near—‘My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?’—but faith and obedience did not fail.

“Sanctity is the spirit of joy which attends all acts. . . . Our world is almost in the way of forgetting that joy is a Christian virtue, God's gift to the inwardly reverent and obedient. . . .”

The Church. “There is no salvation outside the church! This is by no means a statement of doctrinal exclusion; it is a statement of the fact of human solidarity, and it is the means by which all mankind may live in the household of the Lord. Sinners need saints and saints need sinners, and no one enters the kingdom without the loving concern of all. Jesus needed the synagogue and the synagogue needed Jesus, who came not to destroy but to cleanse.

“What a strange generation is ours, affirming so boldly the principle of worldwide social responsibility and at the same time denying the church as organized spiritual responsibility. Those who tell us that they want personal faith but nothing to do with the church reduce faith to one dimension; they do not know the true church or her riches. We may very well find it necessary to walk out of the old family church on the southeast corner, but we can't walk out of Church. The church is not a finished product; it is a growing life and escapes complete definition, and yet we must be forever trying to define it. In the heart of God the church is accomplished; in this world it is poor, defeated, obscure, and hard to find. . . .

“To worship Jesus to the neglect of the greater whole, the Universal Creator, is to lay the ground for divisions in the church. To neglect Jesus and to worship only the Universal is to rob the church of its humanity, to turn it in the direction of spiritual anarchy. But to know God through Christ and to know one another in Him, this is the perfect unity of the church which cannot be broken.”



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Explosive Extinguisher

Since Kitty Hawk, the fear of fire in a fuel tank has haunted airplane pilots and manufacturers. Armor plate and pumping systems for getting inert gas into the waste space in fuel tanks have both been tried. Neither method has ever been completely satisfactory. Last week, at Britain's Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, R.A.F. officers learned that a planned explosion, set off at just the right time, may prove to be the best way to prevent an accidental explosion from getting out of hand.

This explosion-to-prevent-an-explosion is the unexpected byproduct of research conducted by a pair of English chemists, W. G. Glendinning and A. M. MacLennan. Four years ago, the two scientists set out to compare the "explosibility" of kerosene and gasoline vapors. When they first blew up test mixtures of kerosene mist, they discovered that the intricate process of combustion was much slower than they had expected. It took all of one-hundredth of a second for the expanding pressure of the explosion to rise one pound per square inch. That left "bags of time," they decided, to quench an accidental explosion before it could cause any damage.

MacLennan and Glendinning took a container about as big as a grapefruit, filled it with fire-extinguishing fluid (carbon tetrachloride) and placed a small explosive charge inside. This "bomb" and a small pressure-sensitive switch to set it off were put in a fuel tank. Then the tank's dangerous vapors were ignited by an electric spark. In the first split second, the expanding pressure wave tripped the switch. The "bomb" burst, sprayed its contents into the tank and snuffed out the newborn explosion.

Now, with a few years of testing and improvement behind them, Inventors MacLennan and Glendinning are convinced that their "bomb" can be used in any industry where explosive dust or gas is a hazard. Veteran combat pilots who saw the "bombs" demonstrated at Farnborough, and who have seen exploding fuel tanks destroy a plane in a great puff of smoke and flame, had only one question: "When do we get them?" The British Ministry of Supply hopes to install the new extinguishers on British military planes within a year.

River of Discoveries

Pushing through the steaming jungle, a Venezuelan army major named Franz Antonio Risquez Iribarren scrambled to the top of a high cliff in the Parima Mountains and proudly planted his flag at the summit. He measured the cliff's map coordinates and radioed to his superiors: "In the name of Almighty God, glory to the brave people, we have accomplished our mission. An embrace of admiration and gratitude to all . . ." From the same spot, last week the American Geographi-

cal Society in New York got word from Dr. José Cruxent, archaeologist for the expedition: "Greetings from the headwaters of the Orinoco."

The search for the source of the Orinoco River has long been a favorite obsession among explorers of South America's jungles. The jaundiced waters of the third largest river in South America sprawl across the breadth of Venezuela like a gigantic fishhook. The shank fans out into a delta just below Trinidad. The barb is buried far to the southwest, deep in the tangled wilderness of the Parima Mountains. For the past four centuries adventurers and scientists have hunted its headwaters.

Missionaries & Soldiers. Spanish conquistadors thought they would find there the fabulous El Dorado. Jesuit missionaries took the word of God as far upriver as Esmeralda. In 1800, Baron Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt took an expedition farther than any scientist before him, and the world of botany was enriched with more than 6,000 species of new plants. Humboldt also discovered a link between the water systems of the Orinoco and the Amazon.

Not many years later an itinerant Brazilian claimed to have traveled the length of the river. In 1931, an American, Dr. Herbert Spencer Dickey, also made the trip (TIME, Aug. 10, 1931), reported what he declared were the exact co-ordinates of the Orinoco's source: Lat. 2° 25 min. 30 sec. North, Long. 63° 45 min. 31 sec. West. Then, in 1943, a Brazilian boundary-setting expedition claimed that it had found the source 30 miles to the west. U.S. Army flyers from British Guiana helped to confirm the location of the river's origin.





Mrs. Erna C. von Engel-Baiersdorf
PANECHATES
No she, he.

Mermaids & Indians. Early this year, Colombian-born Hector Robert Acebes Medina organized a small expedition to find the source of the Orinoco all over again and study Indian tribes along the way. According to Acebes, he was within 100 miles of his goal when Venezuelan authorities chased him back to San Felipe in Colombia. He had studied the Indians, and had seen, so he said, some *toninas*—strange mermaidlike mammals with breasts like a woman's and the strength to defeat alligators in aquatic battle. But he was not permitted to re-enter Venezuela and continue his travels.

Last summer Major Rísquez Iribarren's men set out to settle the matter once & for all. They beat their way to Esmeralda before they were stopped by sickness and lack of food. Last month, 22 camps and a few parachute supply drops later, they reached their goal.

Most of the distance they traveled by log canoe, moving overland when rapids and falls made the river too dangerous. Swarms of mosquitoes and *jefenes* (a tiny black gnat whose bite raises large welts) harassed them all the way. The high, thick jungle along the river banks cut off the sun and every portage had to be hacked clear with machetes.

In that dank forest where the Orinoco is a turbulent but puny brook, numerous tributaries tumble through the Parima Mountains. By measuring the varying rates of flow of these mountain streams, Major Rísquez Iribarren's men determined what they are sure is the true path of the river. Their observations also located the source of the Orinoco at Lat. 2° 18 min. North, Long. 63° 15 min. West, a few miles to the west of where

Dickey placed it 20 years ago. But until the expedition returns with more scientific evidence, cautious geographers will not start redrawing their sketchy maps of one of the world's last frontiers.

The Murdered Mummy

It was a brutal crime. The murderer seized the ten-year-old child by the legs, and smashed its head against a stone pillar. The skull was shattered, the right eye was knocked out and there was a deep cut across the lower lip. Both legs were broken at the thigh and the left knee was dislocated. Then the murderer set out to prove that the crime was all an unfortunate accident.

No attempt was made to hide the child's death. The body was beautifully embalmed after the expensive fashion of the upper classes. Wrapped in the best flaxen cloth and smeared with gum, its name inscribed on the breast bandages, it was given a noble burial near the ancient Egyptian city of Thebes. Some 1,700 years later, the murderer safe from any temporal justice, the body turned up as a well-preserved mummy in British Columbia's Vancouver City Museum.

For nearly 30 years the little mummy lay in the museum on a bed of naphthalene crystals in a cheap, brown-stained wooden box. Its rusted cloth wrappings were worm-eaten and frayed with age. The exposed face and head were blackened by the embalming process. Because the name was translated as Diana, Vancouver's schoolchildren were led to believe that their favorite exhibition was once a young girl.

But despite the name and what was left of the face, the museum's experts were never quite convinced of the identification. Madame Erna von Engel-Baiersdorf, head of the museum's anthropological society, agreed that they ought to investigate further. Last summer they lugged their mummy across the street to a chiropractor's office and asked for a full set of X rays.

"Heavy" X rays showed what had happened to the bones. "Lighter" rays showed the condition of the skin that by now is like tanned hide. And the X rays also showed the typical narrow hips and pelvic girdle of a small boy in astonishing detail.

At the British Museum in London, Dr. T. C. Skeat studied the X-ray pictures and agreed that "Diana" had probably been murdered, had certainly been misnamed. Skeat retranslated the inked inscription on the mummy's chest wrappings, announced that the boy's name was Panechates, son of Hatres. Undoubtedly of noble birth, the unlucky child may have been liquidated by an ambitious rival. Burial took place some time in the 3rd century A.D.

Last week, when news of the crime became public, Panechates, his vicious murder unavenged, was back in his usual box in an archway outside an exhibition of Chinese art. All that could be done was to change the sign above his bier and restore to him his rightful name.

Insist on USHER'S

WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1779



PIONEER IN THE ART OF
BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY

EDUCATION

Report Card

¶ After questioning 1,200 U.S. colleges & universities, the U.S. Office of Education reported that there are enough scholarships and fellowships available to provide one for every 20 students at a total cost of more than \$36 million a year. But, says the report, too many of the scholarships are arbitrarily limited. Examples: scholarships for 1) a descendant of a Confederate soldier, 2) a descendant of an Alaskan pioneer, 3) a student surnamed Stanley, 4) a Negro preparing to be a missionary in West Africa.

¶ Two big campuses started on another round of tuition boosts. Yale was upping its yearly charges to \$1,600, an increase of nearly \$200. Vassar was going even higher—from \$1,600 to \$2,000.

¶ Success story of the week—from Atlanta's Emory University. In 1936, President Harvey W. Cox bravely announced that he would double his \$10 million in assets in ten years. He did it in eight. In 1944, his successor, Goodrich C. White, announced that he would double them again. He did it in seven years. Last week Emory got a new windfall. The Rockefeller-supported General Education Board announced that it would give Emory a whopping \$7,000,000 for its graduate work.

Diplomat's Progress

When Raymond B. Allen resigned last month as president of the University of Washington, his loyal board of regents voiced only mild regrets. "Allen is one hell of a good man," explained one regent, "but my God, he is never here." In the last two years Allen had been spending more & more time on Government business, and when Harry Truman appointed him director of the Psychological Strategy Board, it seemed that he might be out of the academic world for good. But last week Raymond Allen announced that after spending the next few months in Washington, he would be right back in academic harness—as chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Allen's name had been high on U.C.L.A.'s list ever since the job fell vacant two years ago. The faculty wanted a nonmilitary man (considered and rejected Generals Mark Clark and Albert Wedemeyer), the regents wanted a good administrator, and President Robert Gordon Sproul wanted someone he knew and liked. On all counts Allen fitted the bill perfectly, and U.C.L.A. was quite content to wait a while to get him.

At 49, Raymond Allen is a big, affable man who has a knack for getting along with almost anyone. Twice a doctor (M.D. and Ph.D.—in experimental pathology—from the University of Minnesota), he has threaded his diplomatic way through a succession of high posts, from an associate deanship at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons to deanships at Wayne University



RAYMOND ALLEN
At U.C.L.A., no trouble.

and the University of Illinois College of Medicine, and finally, in 1946, to the University of Washington.

There, he doubled the university's floor space, saw new schools of dentistry and medicine rise, got his campus elected to the Association of American Universities (membership: 37). He appointed a glittering array of deans (among them: former President Harold Stoke of Louisiana State University), and in spite of his Rotarian diplomacy, he knew how to take a stand. He steadfastly refused to accept federal subsidies for any research that the university itself could pay for, and he was



ROBERT WOOD
At Harvard, hashish.

one of the first U.S. college presidents to announce a clear policy on Communist teachers, i.e., they should not be protected by the claim of academic freedom, since they themselves were not free to follow an objective search for truth.

At U.C.L.A., Allen will be in charge of 13,400 students and 800 faculty members. Under the University of California's new administrative setup, he will be all but autonomous, reporting only to President Sproul. Last week he was quick to say how he felt about his new boss—"one of the most able men in American education." Diplomat Allen obviously would have no trouble continuing his diplomatic ways at U.C.L.A.

Great Experimenter

At the head table in a banquet room of Baltimore's Hamilton Street Club one night last week, a spry, white-haired man of 83 rose, smiling and nodding, to acknowledge the cheers and applause of the guests who had come to honor him. Robert Williams Wood was in his 50th year as a full professor at Johns Hopkins University, and the brightest names in the scientific world wanted to help celebrate the occasion. Albert Einstein had written to pay his respects, Niels Bohr had cabled from Copenhagen, Robert A. Millikan, Harlow Shapley and Karl Compton all sent messages. In 50 years, scientists all over the world have grown accustomed to paying tribute to Professor Wood—and Johns Hopkins has grown just as used to having him as a legend.

Physics & Foxes. The son of a Maine physician, Robert Wood began to be a legend when he was in grade school. At eight, he was giving his friends formal lectures on the anatomy of the jellyfish. At nine, he was reading Carpenter's book on microscopy. In his teens, he was sneaking physics books into his Latin classes. In school, however, he was considered a spectacular dullard. And at Harvard, almost his only claim to fame was that he once swallowed hashish and had his dreams ("I could distinctly feel myself a fox . . .") duly recorded in William James's *Principles of Psychology*.

It was not until 1901 that science began to take notice of Robert Wood. By that time he had studied at Johns Hopkins and at the University of Berlin, had finally settled himself into his life's work in Baltimore. The field that interested him most at the time was the problem of light. He wrote more than 250 technical papers, developed a way to photograph with ultraviolet rays, pioneered in the study of infra-red. He built the largest spectroscope in the world, and his work with diffraction gratings, which could divide the spectrum into 1,000 shades, revolutionized much of astronomy and physics research. His *Physical Optics* became the classic work in the field; his experiments achieved such renown that the term "Wood Experiment" became a scientist's synonym for ingenuity and perfection.

Bang & Flash. But brilliant as he was, Scientist Wood was always a very odd sort of professor. Cooped up in his cluttered

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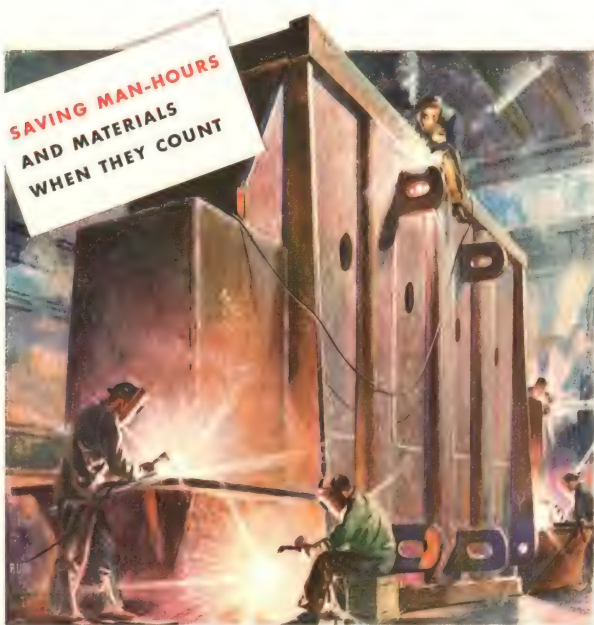
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"Pop" Spann

In Pueblo, remembrance.

Laboratory, he would often forget to come to class, and his students were forever having to fetch him ("Oh, yes, yes," he would say, "but just give me a few more minutes here, will you?"). When he did come to class, his lectures were usually a series of explosions, tricks and flashing lights.

He was fascinated by gadgets. He once built himself a camera modeled on a fish eye, and wandered all over town snapping pictures, just to see what the city would "look like to a fish." He took up painting, wrote slick fiction with Arthur Train (*The Moon-Maker*; *The Man Who Rocked the Earth*), produced a book of verse and sketches called *How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers* ("The awkward Auk is only known/To dwellers in the Auk-tic zone . . ."). He also became a successful sleuth. He helped police reconstruct the bomb used in the Wall Street bombing of 1930 and, after some laboratory work, led them to the man who blew up young Naomi Hall in the notorious Candy Box Murder Case.* The police began to consult him so often in baffling mysteries that his name became a regular headline—DR. WOOD SEEKS CLUE TO NEW DEATH BOMB . . . FAMED JOHNS HOPKINS SCIENTIST CALLED IN TO AID POLICE . . . WOOD INVESTIGATES.

* The Wall Street bomb, hidden in a yellow, horse-drawn cart from which the driver had fled, went off before the U.S. Army Office on Sept. 16, 1930, killing 39 persons and wounding 400. Police never found out who the driver was. The Candy Box bomb went off one December day in 1930 in the kitchen of the Hall residence in Seat Pleasant, Md. Through Wood's reconstruction of the bomb, police traced it back to a young garage mechanic in Washington, D.C.

Pipes & Polish. When Wood reached 70, Johns Hopkins refused to let him retire: instead of making him emeritus, the university made him research professor. Today he is still in his laboratory each morning by 9:30, threading his way through a labyrinthine litter of bottles, jars, tubes, pipes, batteries and wires.

But at 83, Robert Wood is conscious of one handicap. "I've felt all along," said he last week, "that my work has been entirely experimental . . . I didn't have to worry about how or why it worked like it did. That had to be polished off by someone else." In 1951, scientists were still polishing the work that Robert Wood has done.

Something for George

When George Willis Spann went to work as a school janitor in Pueblo, Colo., he had no idea of staying long. "I figured I'd try it for 30 days," says he. "But then something happened." At the end of 30 days, George decided to try it for a year, and the years turned into decades. When anyone asked him why he stayed, George always had the same answer: "I got fascinated being with children."

The children of Pueblo also got fascinated being with "Pop" Spann. Each morning at opening time, he was there in his old striped trousers and black bow tie, waiting to greet them. If they cut themselves, he would bandage them. If someone broke a bicycle, he could always fix it. And when they wanted him to play with them, he was always willing, even though it meant staying long after closing time to get his own work done.

In 34 years, George has seen thousands of children come & go. He lent them money and bought them presents. Often he paid for school equipment out of his own pocket, and at Christmas he would buy a paper mural of the Nativity for the cafeteria, "just because I figured it was a good thing for the kids to look at."

But last fall, George learned that under a new state law he would have to retire, because he is 68. "It'll be like a long summer," said George of his retirement. "And you know, there's nothing quite so lonely as a school in the summer."

George was not the only one to feel the blow. As soon as the news broke, the people of Pueblo decided to do something for him. The P.T.A. first suggested the idea; then the student council at George's school made the same suggestion. Soon, the whole town was behind it.

Last week a group of distinguished Pueblo citizens gathered by an empty lot on the edge of town. A few minutes later, George appeared, and School Superintendent Ernest M. Hanson began to speak. "You have been a father to hundreds of boys & girls," said he, "at a time when a little personal attention meant more than medical aid . . . This honor is in recognition of the importance of the position of custodian in the great process of education." Then he handed George a spade to break ground for the town's \$375,000 new school building. The name the town had given the school would be long remembered in Pueblo—George Willis Spann.



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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

Point of No Return (adapted by Paul Osborn from J. P. Marquand's novel) is a sure smash hit. Yet it is a hit at the expense of being a good play. Most of the Marquand virtues are discernible, but in Paul Osborn's version they are doled out in the smallest of small change. The whole thing has a smart, professional veneer, but it has no real psychological or satiric impact.

The play centers on a crisis in the life of rising Manhattan Banker Charles Gray—on whether he will be made a vice president of the bank. A success story that is

precisely illuminating the present. The third act is just an exercise in suspense over whether Charles will be made vice president.

More even than it suffers from being dieted to fit the stage, *Point of No Return* is hurt by a want of the book's wry irony, a failure to pose the dilemma that agitates Marquand himself quite as much as any other U.S. male. The play does not sufficiently cut two ways because Charles never seems sufficiently pulled two ways, never really seems involved in a fight against a job, only in a fierce struggle for one. And—a touch not in the book—if Charles's turnaround of a fancy country-club bid is



HENRY FONDA & LEORA DANA
Generally deft, but not enough agitation.

really a price-of-success story, it is the saga of a normally ambitious young executive's normal amount of climbing, conforming and currying favor. And the question is not just whether the goal is worth the scramble, but whether—even with the goal in sight—Charles mightn't be happier by not attaining it.

For the first act, while the scene is set, *Point of No Return* is a deft genre study of life among the up & coming, rich with the telling samples of behavior, the satiric touches, social nuances, domestic details that Marquand is master of. For all three acts, *Point of No Return* is a generally deft production: pleasant staging, neat Jo Mielziner sets, enjoyable acting by Henry Fonda as Charles, by Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross. Theater-wise, much of the play couldn't be smoother.

But it is theater-wise and drama-foolish. Necessarily lacking the fullness of the book, it much less excusably lacks the bite. The second act is an overlong flashback that reduces Charles's whole past to a magazine-fiction romance without ap-

peared to show his independence, it only shows the play's lack of it. Charles must be made as "sympathetic" as possible: where material success is concerned, *Point of No Return* has none of its hero's misgivings.

Lo and Behold (by John Patrick) is a dull bit of shenanigans dusted with funny remarks. It introduces an elderly writer—celebrated, cynical, sick—who, after arranging to try to communicate with his doctor after death, lets a brand-new maid cook a meal that will kill him. Dead in a jiffy, he turns ghost, is joined by the shades of an Indian maiden, a Southern belle and a concert pianist. For two more acts, while the flesh & blood housemaid and doctor amble towards the altar, the four spirits aimlessly cavort about the stage.

As a story, *Lo and Behold* goes steadily downhill, from a mildly sophisticated fantasy to a shamelessly mechanical farce. As a play, it goes nowhere at all: dead and alive alike merely cruise the stage, and—worse yet—when traffic lights are green

for one group, they are red for the other. The love story is fatuous, the writer (Leo Carroll) gets lost in the crowd; and though Playwright Patrick is more than capable of a funny line, his ghosts make anything but a funny line-up. Only the Indian, thanks to saw-voiced Doro Merande, succeeds.

The Grand Tour (by Elmer Rice) is like an off night at the movies. The first half is a tame travelogue about a schoolmarm's trip to Europe. The second half is nickelodeon stuff about the banker she falls in love with and his confession of embezzling. Not only is she willing to marry him and share his disgrace, she would even give him back to the wife he loves better.

Top-heavy with literary references, the play started out merely as a blend of Rand McNally with the Five Foot Shelf. But *The Grand Tour* was easier to take with no plot at all than with the one it acquired. It closed after eight performances, an example of what happens when an established playwright won't face the fact that he has nothing to say.

Best Bets on Broadway

Point of No Return. J. P. Marquand's novel of life among the up & coming translated into a slick stage success (see above).

The Constant Wife. Katharine Cornell's revival of Maugham's smooth-as-glass sex comedy of deception and self-deception (TIME, Dec. 17).

I Am a Camera. Julie (Member of the Wedding) Harris as a bad little good girl in John van Druten's pastiche of Christopher Isherwood's tales of Berlin in 1930 (TIME, Dec. 10).

Don Juan in Hell. Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton & Co. turning Shaw's most dazzling talkfest into the season's most delightful theater (TIME, Nov. 5).

Saint Joan. A middling production of what is perhaps Shaw's greatest play (TIME, Oct. 15).

Two on the Aisle. Topical revue with Bert Lahr and Dolores Gray, which can thank its stars for its brightness (TIME, July 30).

The King and I. Charming Rodgers & Hammerstein period musical, with Gertrude Lawrence; how the King of Siam learned to govern from a governess (TIME, April 9).

The Moon Is Blue. Barbara Bel Geddes brightening a gay formula comedy of Boy-Meets-Girl, Girl-Meets-Wolf, Wolf-Meets-Waterloo (TIME, March 19).

Guys and Dolls. Delightful lowdown musical about Broadway's floating crap games and the Damon Runyon babes who need new shoes (TIME, Dec. 4, 1950).

Call Me Madam. Big Broadway musical with Ethel Merman as a lady ambassador but, fortunately, no lady (TIME, Oct. 23, 1950).

South Pacific. Broadway's oldest inhabitant, in its 32nd month, with Roger Rico and Martha Wright as the current heirs to the roles first occupied by Elio Pinza and Mary Martin (TIME, April 18, 1949).

THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the New York World-Telegram and Sun:

THE SUN CONTINUES TO PRESENT
SCORES OF UNSOLVED PUZZLES

Ousted

Reuters Correspondent Leopold Herman, veteran of ten years' service in Iran and a newsman with a special reputation among his fellow correspondents for painstaking accuracy, was ordered from the country by the government last week. The charge: false reporting. Said the government: Herman's story that Mossadegh recently left the Majlis chamber under armed guard because of the mob outside was not true. Replied Herman: all the correspondents on the spot had seen the guard. Herman is the fourth correspondent who has been ousted from Iran in six months.

News for the Times Staff

The New York Times this week carried an item of news of special interest to its 650-man news staff—biggest of any U.S. paper. The staff had a new boss: Turner Catledge, 50, veteran of 20 years on the Times. In making him managing editor, the Times especially gladdened the hearts of its reporters. Against the custom that tends to send copyreaders and other desk-bound editorial men to the top place in news staffs, the Times had again picked a good reporter. Catledge succeeded Edwin L. James, longtime foreign correspondent who died two weeks ago (TIME, Dec. 10). As assistant M.E., Catledge had been James's understudy for seven years. In the last six months, while ailing Editor James was away from his desk, Catledge

has been running the news side of the world's most influential paper.

"Jimmy" James, a well-tailored bundle of energy, who liked to carry a cane, scored a big beat on his first day as a Times reporter; he exposed a phony "Rumanian Consul General" who was being feted by New Yorkers. Eventually, so many of his stories were printed that other Times men jokingly called him "Jesse James, the space bandit." Reporter Catledge, a strapping six-foot, easy-going Southerner, got his own newspapering start while still in Mississippi State College. He set type and cubbed in the summers on nearby weeklies. At 22, with \$2.07 in his pocket, he rode the rails to Memphis, where he worked briefly at the Press, later switched to the Memphis Commercial Appeal. While covering the 1927 Mississippi River floods, Catledge met Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover. Hoover took a shine to the young hustler and wrote his good friend, Times Publisher Adolph Ochs, that the Times could use Catledge. But the Times moved slowly. It was two years later—and Catledge had moved on to the Baltimore Sun—before he was offered a job. He joined the Times in 1929 and was sent to Washington.

Though not a polished writer, he made a name by his nimble legwork, tireless reporting, and astute political coverage on taxes, other intricate subjects. He made almost as big a name with his endless repository of anecdotes, his imitations of congressional windbags, and the skits he put on for Graciron club shows. When Marshall Field III began his Chicago Sun in 1941, he hired Catledge away from the Times with a dream job as roving chief correspondent, later made him editor of the Sun. But Catledge was not happy. "We just didn't fit," he says. "I'd become so much a part of the Times." After 17 months, he hinted to the Times that he would like to return. Publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger put out the welcome mat, and Catledge was glad to go back at half his \$26,000 Sun salary. Two years later, Sulzberger began fitting him for the brass hat he got this week.

On the Vet's List

At Chicago's bustling, blustery Loop corner of Clark & Madison, Newsie Sol Bertuca tightened his coat against the cold, and scowled: "It's gone, it's nothing, it's dead." All over the country, the sale of racing forms had dropped as much as 75%—way below seasonal expectations; tip sheets were as badly off or worse. Reason: Bookies had closed shop rather than pay the new federal betting tax and thus face arrest for violating state laws.

Walter Annenberg's far-flung Triangle Publications were hard hit. The anti-gambling drives, plus the sky-high production costs plaguing all publications, had shuttered two Annenberg turf dailies, Houston's Racing Form and the Cincinnati Record. Chances are odds-on for the merger



PUBLISHER PERLMAN
Stormy Ruth ran ninth.

of two more, the New York Racing Form and the 118-year-old New York Morning Telegraph, which boosted its price a dime to 35¢ a fortnight ago.

Galloping Genesis. But if the tightening on the rein worried the Telegraph (circ. 34,000), it was not saying so. In his sleekly modern Manhattan offices, decorated with sculptures of horses and Dufy race-track paintings, Publisher J. (for Joseph) Samuel Perlman snorted: "We're not a tip sheet. Selections are a very minor part of our papers. . . . We give racing the widest coverage of any sport in the country."

No one would deny that. To horse-race betters, the Telegraph is Genesis. The paper had long been devoted principally to racing and amusements. No news was good news to the old Telegraph unless it had a show-business or racing angle. One old Telegraph headline: CALVIN COOLIDGE DEATH REACTS ON BROADWAY. Its office was a stepping stone for many star newsmen. Among them: Westbrook Pegler, Gene Fowler, Louella Parsons, Heywood Broun, Sime Silverman, who later founded Variety and shoved the Telegraph out of its place as the No. 1 show-business paper.

Walter Annenberg, who also owns the Philadelphia Inquirer and Seventeen, brought Perlman in to run his racing news empire in 1943. Perlman, a dressy, 51-year-old Canadian who was once sport editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, and had his own racing paper and horses, beefed up the Telegraph's show-business coverage. But he still yawns at general news, manages to squeeze in less than a column of items, and never tries to compete with the big dailies. Says Perlman: "If war broke out, we'd probably let the other papers handle it."

Feedbox. The Telegraph's comprehensive coverage of racing is zealously accurate. It prints past performances, charts and ratings, perhaps half a million digits each day, a printing task which would stagger most newspapers. But its reports



MANAGING EDITOR CATLEDGE
A reporter finished first.



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Time out...

TIME's out and being read today in more than 1,600,000 offices and homes across the nation.

seldom err. Most of them are in a jargon no layman can understand. Example: A line on one of the entries in the second race at Florida's Tropical Park one day last week carried this report on Stormy Ruth, a two-year-old bay filly by Little Beans—Witchwater, by St. James, bred by J. Tucci, trained by M. Fife: "23Jy 51-1Jm 1st 5½ 1.23 47½ 1.06½ Cl. \$6500 3 3 1 3 3 1 97." The knowing reader's translation: On July 23rd, Stormy Ruth ran in the first race at Jamaica, a \$6500 claimer, five and a half furlongs, on a fast track. She broke from post position three, was third out of the gate, was in front at the quarter, dropped back to third at the half, was third by four lengths in the stretch, finished ninth, beaten 17 lengths.

Collecting and keeping such an endless stream of racing information is an intricate business. Crews of Perlman's men—clockers, chart-callers, call-takers, reporters—cover every major North American race. To transmit the information, the *Telegraph* has its own teletype circuits. It also keeps in type, ready to print, the up-to-date records of more than 30,000 horses.

Says Sam Perlman: "We're to racing what the *Wall Street Journal* is to business."

One Touch of Fantasy

Scripps-Howard Columnist Robert Ruark heard about the discovery of 20 barrels of moonshine whisky on Bernard Baruch's South Carolina plantation, and thought he saw a chance to turn on a little fantasy for his readers.

"Who can say me nay if I suggest that B. M. Baruch, elder statesman, has come to be B.M.B., elder bootlegger? I have known Mister Bernie for quite a spell . . . he is still a veritable devil with the girls, and . . . completely without probity when he describes his ability at shooting quail, and I know for sure he cheats at Canasta . . . Mr. Baruch's favorite statement, which he started using on President Wilson and has not abandoned since, is: 'What are the facts?' I hang him with his own slogan. 'What are the facts, Mr. Baruch? How did the booze get in your own backyard?'"

Baruch was not amused, angrily wired Old Friend Ruark that their friendship was ended. Three days later, Humorist Ruark covered the course again, this time on hands & knees. "You see a man today," he wrote, "hip-deep in personal apology for one of those transgressions in judgment, I guess, where you hurt feelings unwittingly and people you love get mad at you. I undertook to kid [Baruch] a little and wound up crouched 'way back in his personal doghouse. I thought it exceedingly funny that somebody had snuck onto his properties . . . and started a liquor still . . . I guess there are times when your sense of humor gets so keen that you can fall down and stab yourself on it . . . My boss man has spent the last 30 years . . . hollering that subtlety is not a commodity to practice in newspapers . . . I think I may have to concede finally that he was right."



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MEDICINE

Piping the Milk

Rome's Hospital of the Holy Ghost, one of Europe's oldest, is so full of medical antiquities that for centuries nobody paid much attention to a charming fresco in the administration building. Painted about 1550 by the Zucchi brothers, minor artists of the Raphael school, it shows a group of wet nurses feeding foundling children, while in one corner of the scene a plump, placid musician plays a *ciaramella* or shawm, a cousin of the oboe. This week the hospital's archivist, Professor Pietro de Angelis, was getting ready to publish a startling explanation of the musician's presence: he was there to stimulate the flow of milk.

Working back through the hospital's records, De Angelis found many references to the "beneficial influence of soft and melodious music on the flow of mothers' milk." A 13th Century miniature showed players wearing costumes and carrying bagpipes* marked with the hospital's emblem. These, De Angelis concluded, were used to make lactogenic music until the shawm replaced the bagpipe.

Besides stimulating the wet nurses' production, the music had another purpose, says De Angelis. As a result of their early conditioning, the foundlings soon developed musical aptitudes which won them places in papal choirs. One thing De Angelis cannot explain: why or when the hospital abandoned a practice which put it centuries ahead of the medical profession in the use of musical therapy.

Ulcer Route?

Ever since Boston's late great Surgeon Harvey Cushing showed that impulses from the brain, communicated through the nervous system to the digestive tract, could cause peptic ulcers, thousands of ulcer victims have had their vagus nerve severed by surgery to break the chain of cause & effect. It usually worked, but sometimes the ulcers recurred—presumably because mental stress had found a new route to the stomach, but how, nobody knew. Lately physicians have noticed that heavy doses of ACTH or cortisone may start old ulcers up again.

At Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, where Cushing did much of his work, a team of researchers headed by Dr. Seymour Gray put two & two together. This undesirable effect of ACTH and cortisone on ulcer patients, they reasoned, revealed a second pathway by which emotional stress reaches the stomach: through the pituitary and adrenal glands and their hormones. To test their theory, they gave ACTH to patients whose vagus nerve had been cut, and found that it made their poor stomachs react just as if the vagus nerve had been intact, i.e., the stomachs became overactive, secreted too much of



ROMAN WET NURSES (CIRCA 1550)
Centuries ahead of their time.

James Whitmore

the digestive juices. One patient began to have ulcer pains; at that point, the researchers had to stop.

Naturally, say Gray and his colleagues, their tests indicate that precautions must be taken in ordering ACTH and cortisone for ulcer patients. They may also lead to a new understanding of how ulcers start and how they should be treated.

Sequel

When little Carolyn Joan Purcell had trouble seeing her Christmas gifts last year, Atlanta doctors thought she had cancer and would have to lose both eyes. But the Mayo Clinic disagreed, called it merely an infection, treated her with ACTH. In Alpharetta, Ga. last week 5-year-old Carolyn Joan's eyes sparkled at sight of the 1951 tree she had not been expected to see.



Associated Press

CAROLYN JOAN PURCELL
One year later.

Still a Mystery

When Sir Augustus d'Este (a cousin of Queen Victoria*) fell ill, he made a careful note of his symptoms: he saw double, could scarcely balance himself, felt weak all over, and parts of his body were numb. That was in 1822, and for a century and a quarter, physicians could do nothing more for the illness he described than to give it a name: multiple sclerosis. There are at least 250,000 victims in the U.S. alone; most are disabled by it in the prime of life. D'Este, a typical case, lingered for 26 years.

The National Multiple Sclerosis Society has now summed up five years of fund-raising and fact-finding on the mysterious crippler. Of \$813,000 raised, one-fourth has been used to educate both doctors and laymen in the ways of multiple sclerosis; \$388,000 has gone into research. So far, nobody knows what causes the nerve sheaths in the spine and brain to degenerate, so that nerves become useless. But Manhattan's Neurological Institute is working on the possibility of an allergic origin for the disease; Tulane University is checking the viruses as possible culprits.

ACTH and cortisone have been tried on patients in both Boston and Manhattan; they do not look promising. At half a dozen clinics, patients are getting up-to-date physiotherapy to make the disease less crippling. Federal funds are being used to continue some long-range research which the Society started. No pat answers are in sight. Victims of multiple sclerosis have to be satisfied with an assurance of something less: their disease is at last getting the attention it deserves.

* Through his father, Victoria's uncle, the bookish and liberal-minded Duke of Sussex, who outlasted King George III by marrying Lady Augusta Murray, a commoner. The old king declared the marriage void under the Royal Marriage Act. The son took one of his family's ancestral names, d'Este, and never tired of trying to win recognition from the British Court. He was foisted off with a Hanoverian knighthood.

* Not to be confused with the milk-curdling Scottish pipes. The medieval one-cane Italian pipe had not so shrill a timbre.

Ups & Downs Down Under

Before the Davis Cup matches with Sweden last week, U.S. Captain Frank Shields kept telling his players to keep plugging, that the Swedes were no pushovers. It was hardly necessary to remind the U.S. team that Sweden had given Australia a real fight a year ago before losing the round, 3-2. What's more, no one was quite sure whether or not the Swedish team, in its indifferent showing this year, was up to some foxy strategy: not once, in two warm-up tournaments, had the Swedes met a U.S. Cup player.

But it was soon clear that the Swedes were neither playing foxy nor up to their last year's form. In the first match, the U.S.'s Veteran Ted Schroeder hardly worked up a good sweat as he whipped Swedish Champion Lennart Bergelin, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4, in just 51 minutes. In the other singles, Tony Trabert, 21, had a longer (87 minutes) tussle before subduing Sven Davidsson, 6-3, 6-4, 9-7. But Schroeder's dazzling form had Aussie experts shaking their heads in dismay: "Ted's going to give us trouble again."

Next day in the doubles, the Aussies were again shaking their heads—this time

in amazement at Schroeder's shaky performance as he and Trabert dropped the first set to Sweden, 10-12. The U.S. players finally got their signals straightened out, won the match, 6-0, 6-3, 6-2, and clinched a shot at Australia in the Challenge Round. The final singles matches, just a formality, gave the U.S. a 5-0 sweep.

But the result threw the U.S. line-up for the Cup matches against Australia into another tailspin. It was obvious that the U.S. doubles team, which had been counted on to upset the flashy Aussies, was not up to scratch. Captain Shields, who had sidelined his two top singles players, Dick Savitt and Vic Seixas, would just as obviously have to start thinking about some new combinations. A fortnight before the big test, Australian Captain Harry Hopman was elaborately unworried: "I saw nothing in the play to frighten members of Australia's Davis Cup squad."

Spasms of Conscience

Last week, in the wake of 1951's scandal-plagued football season, a few belated spasms of conscience were rippling over the nation. Among the more notable convulsions:

¶ The American Council on Education's

special committee on athletic policy (ten college presidents) proposed a ban on all postseason bowl games, a rule barring freshmen from varsity teams, elimination of athletic scholarships.

¶ The Pacific Coast Conference formally adopted an "honor system" for policing its own backyard against the evils of subsidization. The men put on their honor: the college presidents.

¶ The Eastern College Athletic Conference (representing 89 colleges) met to consider a seven-point reform movement. Salient point: elimination of outright athletic scholarships.

¶ The Big Seven Conference not only banned bowl games but even agreed not to play in postseason tournaments (e.g., the Madison Square Garden basketball championships) sponsored by the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

¶ Southern Conference officials voted to suspend the University of Maryland and Clemson for accepting bids to the Sugar and Gator Bowls in direct violation of a conference ruling. The suspension lops six conference games off Maryland's 1952 schedule, four off Clemson's.

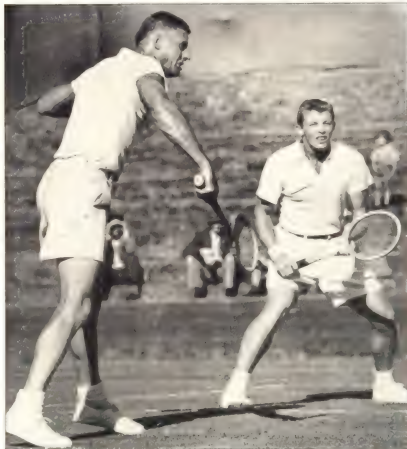
But not everyone had yet jumped on the bandwagon. Southeast Conference athletic officials, their feet dragging noticeably, voted almost unanimously to tell the ten college presidents to stick to their educational knitting. Bowl officials were outraged at being singled out for criticism. The righteous indignation was summed up by Lathrop Leishman, chairman of the Rose Bowl's football committee: "The problems of proselytizing and subsidizing of athletes exists in conferences that never play postseason games . . . You can't cure the mange by killing the dog."

New Jobs for Old Pros

Two heroes of the 1951 World Series were back in the news again last week. One hung up his glove for good; the other found a new place to hang his hat.

Joe DiMaggio, still the "Yankee Clipper" at 37, but no longer a terror at the plate (last year's batting average, his worst: .263), finally called it quits after 16 years with the Yankees. Said Centerfielder DiMaggio, who retires with a lifetime average of .325: "When baseball is no longer fun, it's no longer a game. And so, I've played my last game of ball." Joe's new job: before-&-after-game telecaster for the Yankees (at an estimated \$50,000 a year).

Eddie Stanky, still "The Brat" at 34, and still one of baseball's top leadoff men (127 walks last season), finally achieved his ambition: a big-league managership. Second Baseman Stanky fired the Brooklyn Dodgers to a pennant in 1947, and the Boston Braves to another in 1948, and the Giants to their first in 14 years last fall. Next year, as player-manager, Stanky will see what he can do to rekindle the old "Gas House Gang" spark for the St. Louis Cardinals (at a reported \$37,000 a year).



SCHROEDER & TRABERT IN DOUBLES PLAY
After a clean sweep, a tailspin.

© Melbourne Herald-Sun

* Prompting the Yankees to retire Joe's uniform No. 5. Other retired uniforms: Lou Gehrig's No. 4; Babe Ruth's No. 3.

MUSIC

Go Tell It in Berlin

In Berlin one day last week, a rosy-cheeked little girl stepped out before an audience of oldsters and read a German translation of the song they were about to hear. When she finished, the beaming Negro at the piano sounded a chord and his whole chorus of German children, aged seven to 15, burst into *Go Tell It on the Mountain*—in Southern-accented English. After *I'm Certainly Glad To Be Born Again* and *Mary Had a Baby, Yes, Lord*, sung in the same manner, the oldsters were shiny-eyed and smiling.

Seven times last week, in Berlin hospitals and homes for the aged, the choristers repeated their Christmas program. Few if any in the audiences had ever heard a Negro spiritual before. Their fervent verdict: "Beautiful."

The word meant more than half-shaking ovations to the pianist, Georgia-born Parker Watkins, 41. He went to Berlin in September as a singer in the Hall Johnson Choir, stayed on at the request of the director of Berlin's Amerika Haus. The director's idea: to attract German children by teaching them American songs.

Only twelve children showed up for the first class. Watkins had to explain everything through an interpreter, but somehow the twelve caught his enthusiasm and spread the word. Before long he had 60 youngsters from all over West Berlin.

Watkins writes the words in English on a blackboard, uses his richly pliable face to teach their pronunciation. The children repeat after him until they have learned the words by heart, then they begin to sing. At first, says Watkins, "their voices were wild and flat. I used to tell them, 'You are so pretty, why should you sing so ugly?'" He teaches most songs in two-part harmony, some spirituals in three, often joining in himself as a fourth. Their favorite: *Oh Man River*.

Now, with West Berlin radio stations preparing to broadcast recorded songs and Christmas carols by his chorus, and a busy round of performances ahead, Parker Watkins' own enthusiasm overreaches that of his kids. He wants to bring the chorus "up to 100-200 if possible—and to stay as long as I can."

Three Men & a Girl

The Quartetto Italiano is novel in several respects—first of all because it is made up of Italians, and it has been a generation or more since an Italian quartet has won the general verdict "great." It also breaks with custom by including a girl: pretty Second Violinist Elisa Pegreffi. More astonishing still to the audiences who packed their 34 concerts in U.S. and Canadian cities this fall, the four musicians play without scores.

Last week the Quartetto Italiano wound up a sensational first tour of the U.S. with a Manhattan recital that made some quartet history itself. Acknowledging their audience with businesslike bows, the four

young (average age 29) musicians stroked into one of their countrymen's compositions for a starter. Unhampered by scores, they seemed to play Boccherini's *Quartet in D., Op. 6* with an air of almost impudent informality, sometimes glancing boldly around the audience as they played. For those used to staidness from string quartets, the atmosphere had something of the wild freedom of coasting downhill on a bike, no hands.

The music, however, was magnificent—controlled and precise, full of charm and



QUARTETTO ITALIANO: BORCIANI, PEGREFFI, ROSSI & FARULLI
Like coasting downhill on a bike, no hands.

nuance, and as smoothly and sweetly toned as the famed strings of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Playing the Beethoven "Razoumoussky" *Op. 59, No. 3* the same easy way, the young musicians displayed a virility and vigor that brought roars of "bravo" with the last note. Their glassy sonorities and petal-soft pianissimos in the final Debussy proved that they command just about every quality of quartet sound. The audience, aware that they were hearing what is probably the finest quartet of the day, refused to go home. The Italians finally responded to the insistent clamor for "More, more" with two encores—in itself a rarity with string quartets.

Though they sound as if they have been playing together all their lives, the Italiano was formed only after the war. First Violinist Paolo Borciani rounded up the others—Elisa, Violist Piero Farulli and Cellist Franco Rossi—on a promise of "some money and good food." After less than four months of practice they gave their first concert. They have had their hands full ever since.

As for playing 32 quartets from memory, Borciani says there is nothing to it. After all, he points out, conductors and virtuosos do it, why not a string quartet?

New Pop Records

In the corridors of Tin Pan Alley's Pentagon—the Brill Building, on Broadway—oldtime songwriters are taking it big. A novice at the trade has written a catchy song called *Snowflakes*, Guy Lombardo has recorded it for Decca, and song sheets and records are selling in a flurry. The successful tunesmith: a nine-year-old girl from Brooklyn, a fourth-grader who doesn't even know *Billboard* from *Variety*.

How could Marjorie Kurtz write a song hit? Simple, says Marjorie: "I dreamed it." One night last June, curly-headed Marjorie had her dream, woke up early

the next morning to jot down some lyrics about up-in-the-sky-sky-sky, see-the-snow-fly-fly-fly. She hummed an almost professionally simple melody, and her aunt, a onetime supper-club singer named Sandra Kent, wrote it out. Marjorie's father, an amateur violinist, thought the lyrics were too repetitious, but Aunt Sandra disagreed. She landed Marjorie's song on a CBS-TV program last month, and later Guy Lombardo heard it. Lombardo investigated and decided that it was true: Marjorie had really composed the song herself—without help even from her uncle, Songwriter Jim Morehead. In two weeks, orders for recordings have reached almost the quarter-million mark. The song seems a certain hit, and if it is, Marjorie will earn more than \$25,000 before she is ten.

Other new pop records:

Slow Poke (Arthur Godfrey; Columbia), a fast-moving hillbilly song about a girl (or a fellow) with all the time in the world. A surprisingly straightforward Godfrey version of a number that is breaking out all over the bestseller lists, and climbing hard.

The Columbian Limited (Columbia). The record company says that this piece

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Emil Reynolds

SONGWRITER KURTZ See the dough-dough-dough.

"can be used as realistic live background sounds for model and toy trains, or enjoyed for the pleasant excitement train sounds can give." Save for some transition dialogue by two children, and the conductor's calls, the recording is all train, chugs relentlessly for two sides.

Fats Waller Favorites (James P. Johnson; Decca, 2 sides LP). Among Waller's favorites: *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*, *I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling*, *Honcyuckle Rose*—all played with light fingers and breezy ideas by the man who taught Waller himself.

Be My Life's Companion (Rosemary Clooney; Columbia). A song that asks the soap-opera question: Can a man who is only 33 find peace & contentment? Clooney's answer: love me and you will never grow older than 33. The other side, *Why Don't You Love Me?* is a bouncing bet for the hit parade.

Here's To My Lady (Nat "King" Cole; Capitol, 45 r.p.m.), one of Cole's best jobs in recent months; a soft, pretty ballad sung with good taste.

Guess Who I Am (backed by *Guess What I Am*) makes a pleasant children's game out of identification of animals, is sung by the Melodeons. Another good record in "Uncle Leo's Records for Young Folks" series (M-G-M) is *Frosty the Snow Man* (backed by *Isn't It a Shame that Christmas Comes but Once a Year*), done to a turn by carborundum-voiced Jimmy Durante.

Kings and Queens of Boogie-Woogie (Decca, 2 sides LP). Digging deep for a classic collection of boogie, Decca offers Pianists Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, Meade "Lux" Lewis, Dot Rice, Cleo Brown, Honey Hill. Outstanding: Lewis' *Vancey Special*, Johnson's *Kaycee on My Mind*.

MILESTONES

Married. Lewis S. (for Samuel) Rosensiel, 60, Cincinnati-born liquor baron, founder and president of Schenley, who once embarked on an unsuccessful campaign to teach 5,000 parrots to say "Drink Old Quaker" and install them in bars; and Louise Johnson Stark, 53, his first cousin, a surgeon's widow; he for the third time, she for the second; in Atlanta.

Died. Mildred Bailey (real name: Rinker), 48, blues-moaning jazz singer, whose trademark was *Rockin' Chair*; of a heart ailment; in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Half Coeur d'Alene Indian, she got her start at 17, plugging tunes in a Seattle store for \$10 a week, became a radio star with Paul Whiteman's orchestra (1929-34), made records, which have since become collector's items, with most of the leading jaxmen of her day (including ex-Husband Red Norvo).

Died. Russell Allen Firestone, 50, second of five sons of the late tire tycoon Harvey Firestone and a director of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.; after long illness; in Manhattan. He devoted his leisure to a series of civic-minded hobbies: the Victory Garden movement (he was a vice president), the 4-H Clubs, the Future Farmers of America.

Died. Dorothy Dix (Mrs. Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer), 81, first and most famous newspaper dispenser of advice to the lovelorn; in New Orleans. Herself the victim of an unhappy marriage (her husband was stricken with a mental illness within a year of their marriage) and a pioneer soror sister (six years on the New Orleans *Picayune*, 16 on Hearst's New York *Journal*), she had a large stock of common sense bromides handy by the time she settled in New Orleans to give counsel to readers. As her column expanded to more than 200 newspapers, and brought her more than \$50,000 a year, she became a sort of universal grandmother, marrying off millions of problem children, reconciling the married ones to their mates. For the hundreds who wrote her every week, she became a standard reference for what is proper. Sample problems and solutions: whether to marry a rich or poor man (rich, other things being equal); how to lure men ("the come-hither look in the eye, a sort of come-on, if you know what I mean"); how to deal with a husband who pays no compliments (forget it; few do).

Died. Viscount Addison, 82, oldest of Britain's leading politicians; of cerebral hemorrhage, in Radnage, England. Starting out as a physician, he went to the House of Commons as a Liberal in 1910, later switched to Socialism, in 13 governments successively became Munitions Minister, Minister of Health, Minister of Agriculture and Dominion Secretary, and after he got his title, became Labor's leader in the House of Lords.

RADIO & TELEVISION

The New Shows

Four new TV shows last week gave the children's audience a Hobson's choice between pistols and puppets.

Dick Tracy (Fri. 7:30 p.m., Du Mont), a filmed series based on the comic strip detective, comes equipped with two-way wristwatch radios, a satanic mastermind, and a fumbling police department. Actor Ralph Byrd, as the wooden-faced hero, spends most of his time making pronouncements like: "We're up against a gang who won't stop at anything—even murder!" The commercials introduce a children's chorus screaming in unison that Amm-i-dent toothpaste tastes better than candy or cake.

Saddle Pal Club (Sat. 7 p.m., ABC) opens with guitar-playing Jim Atkins a-sittin' on a corral fence and a-playin' to beat the band. After scattering cowboy lingo like birdshot, Atkins makes way for a film episode from a western serial.

In the Park (Sun. noon, CBS) tells the story of a lovable old ne'er-do-well named Bill Sears and a passel of puppet friends with names like Geoffrey the Giraffe and Magnolia the Ostrich. Their problem, described endlessly and archly: how to raise \$2 to buy Bill a winter overcoat.

The Whistling Wizard (Sat. 11 a.m., CBS) gets high marks for imaginative settings and marionettes, but only middling grades for plot and dialogue. Veteran Puppeteers Bil and Cora Baird have cast their show with a full roster of the usual eccentrics (a talking horse, a wistful urchin, a brogue-laden wizard). The current poser: How can they extricate a cargo of shipwrecked toys from Davy Jones's locker?



BIL & CORA BAIRD
High marks and middling grades.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Dec. 21. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Boys Town Choir (Fri. 4:30 p.m., CBS). Christmas songs of all nations.

Stars Over Hollywood (Sat. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Edmund Gwenn in *A Christmas Carol*.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Fledermaus*, with Munsel, Resnik, Kullmann.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). With Violinist Nathan Milstein and Trapp Family Singers.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). *The Beloved Vagabond*, with Rex Harrison, Beatrice Pearson.

Playhouse on Broadway (Tues. 10:30 p.m., NBC). Loretta Young in *David's Star of Bethlehem*.

TELEVISION

Lux Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). *A Child Is Born*, with Thomas Mitchell, Fay Bainter.

NBC Opera (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). First showing of Gian Carlo Menotti's new work, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

Midnight Moss (Mon. midnight, NBC). From St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan.

Walt Disney Christmas Show (Tues. 3 p.m., CBS). Preview of Disney's new movie, *Peter Pan*.

A Christmas Carol (Tues. 9 p.m., NBC). The Dickens classic, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Margaret Phillips, Arthur Treacher.

Celanese Theater (Wed. 10 p.m., ABC). *The Joyous Season*, with Lillian Gish, Wesley Addy.

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*Reader's Digest,
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

PRICES

Old-Fashioned Rollback

OPS Boss Mike Di Salle, blocked by Congress in his attempts to roll back prices, last week found another way to get the lower ceilings. He followed the law of supply & demand, which has already brought the prices of rugs, carpets, hides and skins well below their ceilings. Noting the drop, Di Salle lowered the ceilings on these goods about 15%, which still left most well above the market prices.

Di Salle's "follow-the-market" rollback was part of a new OPS plan to trim ceilings down closer to market prices, instead of leaving them at the sky-high price levels where they were frozen last January. Example: wool was frozen at \$3.35 a lb., is now selling for half the ceiling price. Other candidates for ceiling rollbacks: wool, textiles, clothing, television sets.

Insurance Rate Cut

In most industries, prices can usually be cut when costs decline. Not so in the life-insurance business. In the past half century, average life expectancy at birth has increased by 18½ years (to 67.6). Since that gives people more time to pay their insurance premiums, hence cuts the risk of loss, rates should have been dropping. But even though a new mortality table of longer life expectancy was drawn up three years ago, insurance companies did not cut rates. Reason: life-insurance companies make their money from income on their investments, and the rate of return on these investments had been dropping.

In Hartford, Conn. last week, Connecticut General Life Insurance Co., eleventh biggest in the U.S., cut its life-insurance rates on 85% of its new policies by as much as 7%. It was Connecticut General's first such rate cut since 1930. What made the move even more notable was that for the first time said the company, older people will get a better break on the new rates than the young. Sample saving: on a \$10,000 policy for a 65-year-old, the annual premium is now \$756.50, v. the old rate of \$802.70. The cut was possible, said President Frazer B. Wilde, because of improved health, particularly among oldersters, plus the fact that the rate of return on the company's investments has started to turn up.

Other stock (i.e., publicly owned) insurance companies, not so sure that interest rates are turning permanently higher—or even that older people are now better risks—were not eager to follow Connecticut General's lead. Most mutual companies, e.g., Prudential and Metropolitan, would probably do nothing, since they have already been cutting rates, in effect, by increasing dividends to policyholders. But stock life-insurance companies, which generally pay no dividends to their policyholders, will probably have to lower their rates soon, or lose business.

INDUSTRY

Atom Engine

The Air Force, which already has General Electric working on an atom-powered engine for aircraft (TIME, Sept. 17), this week put Pratt & Whitney on the job as well. Said a terse release: "A contract to work on the development of an atomic aircraft engine has been awarded to Pratt & Whitney . . ." How much money was involved, or how far along on the job Pratt & Whitney already is, nobody would say.

H. J. at Work

Mobilization Boss Charles E. Wilson and Industrialist Henry J. Kaiser donned asbestos gloves and protective goggles. Then, before 600 guests who had been flown to New Orleans from all over the

Millions & Millions. Once in debt to the Government up to his eyeballs, Henry Kaiser has now paid off more than \$244 million. Of all his enterprises, ranging from autos, cement, magnesium and steel to aluminum and houses, only his auto company, Kaiser-Frazer, is still in debt to the U.S. It owes \$51 million. Kaiser has little trouble getting money from private sources. He has recently arranged for: 1) a \$17,500,000 preferred-stock issue to finance the rest of his new aluminum plant, and 2) \$65 million in new private financing to add a third blast furnace, a ninth open-hearth furnace and 90 new coke ovens to his Fontana steel works in California.

Private investors are willing to plunk such huge sums into the Kaiser empire because, with the exception of K-F, it is making money fast. Fontana in the past



John Dominis—LIFE

KAISER & WILSON POURING ALUMINUM

"Since you can't be clairvoyant, you've got to be optimistic."

U.S. for the event, they stepped up to a giant, red-hot ladle, tugged at the 20-foot handle and poured a mold full of aluminum—the first produced in what will be the biggest U.S. aluminum plant. When Kaiser's plant is completed in mid-1953, it will turn out 200,000 tons of aluminum annually, more than the entire U.S. industry produced in 1939.

The plant had a special significance for New Orleans, which does not have much heavy industry. Kaiser is the first to run an aluminum plant on Louisiana's natural gas. Now that he has shown the way, New Orleans hopes that other industries will follow. For his new plant, Kaiser got a well-deserved pat on the back from Wilson. He had raised the \$115 million for aluminum expansion from private sources, got the plant going in only ten months, and doubled its planned capacity in the process.

five months alone has boosted ingot output by 16%, made more money in October than in any other month on record. Its earnings (\$2,500,000 in the last quarter) are running 30% ahead of last year, v. a decline for the rest of the steel industry. Kaiser's aluminum company is also netting more after taxes than last year, despite a 60% increase in its tax bill. Kaiser's explanation: "Efficiency." His aluminum net for nine months is equal to 12.5% of sales, v. 7.6% for the two other U.S. producers. But not even "efficiency" was sufficient, in the case of his Permanente Cement Co., to overcome higher taxes. Earnings are down 20% this year.

Boxcars & Backlogs. Kaiser is once more working and talking like the miracle man of World War II. Last July he reopened the Government-owned magnesium plant at Manteca, Calif., already has it back to full capacity of 20 million lbs.

a year. Kaiser-Frazer, which lost money in the latest quarter, is busy with defense work. At Willow Run, K-F will turn out its first C-119 "flying boxcar" this month, its first Chase assault transport plane (the C-123) by mid-1952. K-F's engine division is producing engines for North American's T-28 trainer, and at its plants in California, K-F is turning out wing flaps and waist sections for Lockheed's Navy patrol bomber, castings for Boeing. Says Henry of K-F: "Do you think I'm worried? How could I be when I see well over \$500 million in defense backlogs? As for earnings, I can't be bothered to worry about accounting mechanics—pushing figures back and forth. Why, after this [rearmament] trouble, I see ribbons of cargo planes in the sky."

Nor is Kaiser worried about overexpansion in his other enterprises. "Take aluminum," says he. "They have come up with undreamed-of uses for aluminum. I ask, why not aluminum bridges? I see every bridge in America made out of aluminum." If this vision is somewhat hard for others to see, there is a good explanation. Says Henry: "Since you can't be clairvoyant, you've got to be optimistic."

New Deal for Harvey

Leo M. Harvey is a Los Angeles aluminum fabricator who doesn't give up easily. He was all set to get a \$46 million Government loan to make him the nation's fourth producer of aluminum (TIME, Oct. 1) when Interior Secretary Oscar Chapman blocked the loan. Chapman did not like some things he had heard about the Harvey company's work for the Navy during World War II. Bitter at the turn-down, Harvey grudgingly went to the giant Anaconda Copper Mining Co. with a proposal. He knew that Anaconda was eager to find a steady source of aluminum for its fabricating subsidiaries. Would Anaconda like to buy control of the subsidiary Harvey had set up in Montana for his aluminum project? Anaconda would; it bought 95% of Harvey's subsidiary and got Harvey's contract for electric power from the new Hungry Horse Dam. Harvey, in turn, was assured of a good chunk of the new aluminum produced for his own fabricating plants.

New Objections. But the Government had new objections. Anaconda was already the biggest company in the copper

industry, and Secretary Chapman did not think it should move into aluminum. Said he: "The proposed arrangement will not further [competition]." Attorney General Howard McGrath also objected on the same ground.

Last week DPA Boss Manly Fleischmann overruled them both. He told Chapman "to enter into a suitable long-term contract with the proposed new producer for power from the Hungry Horse project." Fleischmann said he approved the Anaconda-Harvey deal because the plan for an enlarged Air Force (143 wings) made the need for aluminum urgent, and the Anaconda plant should be producing at the rate of 72,000 tons a year by 1953, soon after the Hungry Horse Dam is fully completed. Fleischmann could not see any threat of monopoly; the new plant, said he, would produce less than 4% of all U.S. aluminum, tend to increase competition, not reduce it.

New Supplies. The Interior Department acceded to Fleischmann's request, and power negotiations with Anaconda-Harvey were begun. There was one thing that Fleischmann did not mention in his letter, and reporters were quick to take him up on it. What about the wartime charges against the Harvey company? Said Fleischmann: "The reason that I am canceling the Harvey loan contract . . . is not as a result of any finding on my part of moral turpitude or unfitness on the part of the Harvey company, [but] because we felt that such a large loan was not advisable if the aluminum could be obtained in any other way . . . The criminal investigation . . . of Harvey resulted in a decision not to prosecute." The Government is not putting any money into the new plant. All the Government is doing, said he, is authorizing a fast tax write-off, and supplying power. Anaconda and Harvey are putting up the money.

Barring a hitch in the power negotiations, the new Anaconda-Harvey plant will bring total U.S. aluminum capacity to 1,526,000 tons by 1953 v. 692,000 before the expansion program got started.

WALL STREET

Medina v. Young

As the first Government witness in the year-long antitrust suit against 17 investment banking houses (TIME, Dec. 11, 1950), Railroad Magnate Robert R. Young was in a saucy mood. Taking the stand to argue that competitive bidding on railroad bonds should be compulsory, Young last week fixed a cross-examining defense counsel with a stare. Said Young icily: "You are one of the few men here who is wiser than I am." Federal Judge Harold R. Medina cuffed him right back. Young's campaign to get competitive bidding on the Cincinnati Union Terminal Association in 1939, said Medina, had been "absolutely erroneous and stated something that was not fact, and you put it in a way so there was no defense. You put on the heat . . . It was entirely the wrong thing to do."

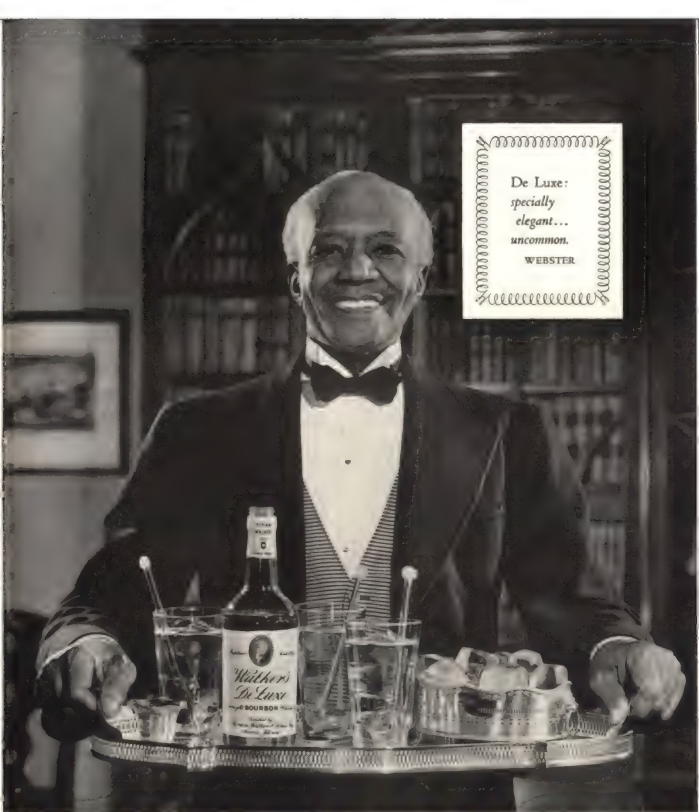
Later, when Young appealed for protec-



A. E. McClell—Bureau of Reclamation

MONTANA'S HUNGRY HORSE DAM

By 1953, aluminum will be pouring out.



De Luxe:
specially
elegant...
uncommon.
WEBSTER

*Walker's De Luxe is a straight Bourbon whiskey,
elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey*

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. 46 Proof.

on against defense insinuations about his credibility, Medina snapped that the witness has no right to "show indignation to a United States judge." Furthermore, Medina took a dim view of Young's boast that he was often successful in taking his case to the public through full-page newspaper ads. "This is a courtroom," warned Medina, "and there will be no appealing to the public over the head of the judge . . . You are only a witness."

After scrapping with Young for seven days, Medina decided that Young was more like a newspaper columnist who "colors things up," than a witness who could prove the Government's case. Anyway, said Medina, he would certainly take Young's "hell-raising propensities" into account when he evaluated his testimony.

RETAIL TRADE

Point of No Return

Of all the goods sold in U.S. department stores each year, a round 10% are returned for exchange, credit or refund. Returns not only inconvenience the stores; they help push up costs—and prices.

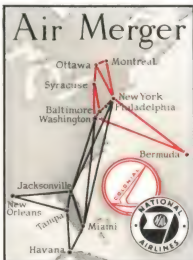
Women are by far the worst offenders. Last week Manhattan's Jane Engel specialty store, whose well-heeled women customers return up to 20% of their purchases, tried a plan to cut returns. It offered to give its customers a merchandise bonus of 7% on their purchases three times a year, provided that their returns in the previous four months had not exceeded 10%. Jane Engel seemed to be cashing in on the plan already. Although total New York City retail sales lagged 8% behind last Christmas, Engel's reported that its sales were "way up."

COMMODITIES

The Big Secret

Shortly after dawn, seven men in a guard room in Washington's Department of Agriculture building crowded around a large metal box, with two heavy padlocks. One man opened the first lock, another the second. Then for almost five hours, they pulled sealed envelopes from the box, tore them open, and carefully tabulated reports from farmers all over the U.S. A few minutes before 11, the guards unlocked the doors, admitted Agriculture Secretary Charlie Brannan. Once he had examined the totals, signed his name and marched out again, the doors were thrown open. In came a dozen reporters to get the Crop Reporting Board's latest estimate of the size of the U.S. cotton crop. The estimate: 15.3 million bales.

Up & Down. There was good reason for all the cloak & dagger precautions. Nothing affects the market price of cotton more than the board's prediction. A speculator who had the figure even an hour in advance could make a killing in the market. For example, in October, when the board scaled down its original estimate of a record 17.2 million-bale crop to 16.9 million bales and then cut it to 15.8 million in November, many a farmer was howling mad. Those who had sold at low



Trust Map by J. Conover

prices felt cheated by the new estimate, which immediately started cotton prices rising close to the ceiling. Last week's estimate was a full 11% less than the first crop report in August. The Agriculture Department said that instead of a glut, there will scarcely be enough cotton to satisfy the domestic demand.

The Agriculture Department is the first to admit that it needs better crop-reporting. The board makes its guess from reports by its 60 field representatives and 20,000 volunteer farmer-reporters, who send in information on acreage planted, soil moisture, weevils and weather. Before the war, the board sent out roving teams to cover the cotton belt and doublecheck estimates. They were equipped with "crop meters," i.e., gadgets attached to car speedometers which recorded the front footage of cotton planted. But in the past few years, the board's budget has been raised only slightly (to \$2.8 million),

while the cost of the job has skyrocketed. The board has had to cut down its staff, eliminate most of its checkers.

Show of Hands. This year, frosts, long dry spells and labor shortages had caused farmers to abandon acreage, and that threw the estimate off. Many a farmer had also exaggerated the size of his planting, feeling that if acreage controls were put on again, 1951 might be used as a base year. In Chicago last week, at the annual convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation, cotton farmers complained bitterly. But Georgia Farm Bureau President Harry Wingate quieted them down. He asked how many farmers had sent in the area estimates from which the Crop Reporting Board got its total. There was a big show of hands. Slightly abashed, most of the delegates agreed that the board was probably doing the best, it could, passed a mild resolution asking only that "means to improve the accuracy of the estimates" be looked into.

AVIATION

North & South Merger

Like the birds, vacationers fly south in the winter and north in the summer. No one follows their flight more closely than National Airlines President George T. Baker. His passenger traffic reaches a peak in winter on its main-line run from New York to Miami, but it slumps during the summer. Last week Baker made a deal to give National a big payroll the year round and move it up from tenth to eighth largest U.S. airline. (It ranks an estimated fifth in net operating income among domestic airlines.) National will buy Colonial Airlines for \$7 million worth of stock (1/4 of a share of National to be exchanged for one share of Colonial), subject to approval by CAB and the stockholders of both lines.

Colonial's biggest business is in summer over its northern routes (see map). By merging, the lines would feed passengers into each other all the way from Havana, Cuba, equalize year-round traffic.

CAB will probably approve the deal since it has been prodding Colonial to merge with another airline as a way out of its troubles. In 1951, Colonial pulled out of the red for the first time in five years with the help of a \$13-per-ton-mile payment for carrying air mail W. 54¢ per ton mile to National operating on more profitable mail routes. It had still other troubles. Last summer, CAB charged Colonial President Sigmund Janas with 40 violations of its rules (TIME, July 2). Janas resigned, was charged in Canada with illegal currency speculation and by New York's U.S. Attorney of falsifying records of \$69,000 in Colonial funds.

But Baker thought he could afford to take over Colonial—troubles and all—to get its air routes. After a six months' strike of his pilots almost forced National out of business in 1948, Baker pulled the line out. Last year, National turned in a profit of \$548,000. In the year ending June 1951, Baker boosted the profit to a record \$2.6 million.

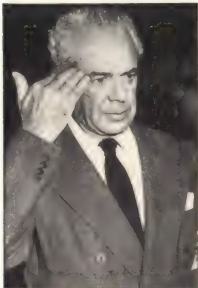


NATIONAL'S BAKER
Birds of passage the year round.

Triangle in Hollywood

In a Hollywood parking lot one evening last week, a jealous husband waited for his wife to return from a drive with another man. After the big Cadillac convertible pulled to a stop, the attendant heard the woman pleading and the man's startled voice: "Don't be silly, Walter. Don't!" Then there were two shots. One bullet from the husband's pistol smashed into the Cadillac's tail fin. The other struck the suspected rival in the groin.

Even before the wounded man got to the hospital, the news was on Page One, and even the most cynical Hollywood moviemakers reacted with a cold chill of



Los Angeles Examiner—International
WALTER WANGER
After two shots . . .

alarm. This was no Payton-Tone free-for-all, or Gardner-Sinatra burlesque. This time the triangle revolved around some of Hollywood's shiniest showpieces. The husband: Dartmouth man Walter Wanger (rhymes with Grainger), 57, noted producer (*Stagecoach*, *Algiers*) and former Academy Award president. Walter Wanger had been on the financial skids since his monumental flop, *Joan of Arc*; after another failure he went into bankruptcy for \$175,000. But he was still a man whose name stood for respectability, culture and the intellectual values at the crossroads of Sunset and Vine. The wife: Actress Joan Bennett, 47, beauteous screen grandmother and one of Hollywood's prime exhibits in the campaign to prove that virtue and glamour can be synonymous. Third in the triangle: Actress Bennett's agent, Jennings Lang, 39, oldtime friend of the family, who frequently accompanied his client on business trips around the country.

Full Briefcase. While Hollywood's brass fidgeted with dismay, Wanger did nothing to set matters aright. From a jail

cell, he coldly explained that he had long suspected Lang of having more than an agent's interest in his wife. In Manhattan last winter, he said, he had warned Lang: "I'll shoot anyone who tries to break up my home." Last week, with a briefcase full of private detective's reports, he decided the time had come to keep his promise.

Actress Bennett did her best to hush the scandal. "Knowing Hollywood as I do," she declared with conscientious concern, "knowing how good, wholesome and sincere the majority of motion picture people are, I deeply regret that this incident will add to the erroneous opinion of Hollywood shared by so many." There was no romance, she said. Her ride with Agent Lang was a business conference and they had simply used the car to escape the jangling telephones in his office. The sorry affair was simply the result of Wanger's business troubles: "I hope that Walter will not be blamed too much. He has been very unhappy and upset for many months because of money worries."

Smash Wind-Up. But the story was too big to stop. Hardly had Actress Bennett finished her appearance as the forgiving wife when Husband Wanger, released on bail, turned up at home, packed up his belongings and moved out to a bachelor's apartment. In the hospital Lang maintained a stony silence, refused to press charges. But the Los Angeles district attorney promptly announced that he would bring the case to trial just the same, and Hollywood shuddered again.

The whole thing, said one worried publicity director, "is just the smash wind-up of Movietime, U.S.A."—the public-relations festival designed, among other things, to convince the country that Hollywood is just like Main Street anywhere.

Back to Life

For 16 years, the MARCH OF TIME successfully pioneered a new movie field: the documentary newsreel. This year, MOT stopped shooting its regular monthly films to concentrate on TV documentaries (TIME, July 16). But the old TIMES were not gone forever. Last month, in two Manhattan theaters, MOT revived seven of its 205 film essays, billed as "The MARCH OF TIME's History in the Making Series." Last week, encouraged by the box-office returns in Manhattan, MOT decided to reissue its whole stock of 205 films in eleven other coast-to-coast cities, planned to include more cities as prints became available. Sample sights in store: Republican Presidential Nominee Alf Landon out to overthrow Roosevelt's New Deal; the rise of Adolf Hitler; Father Coughlin and Huey Long on the stump; the Midwest's bleak Dust Bowl of the '30s.

New Picture

Decision Before Dawn (20th Century-Fox), like the controversial *Desert Fox*, goes behind enemy lines of World War II for a sympathetic view of a German soldier. But unlike Marshal Rommel, the

new film's hero is no Nazi who turned against Hitler too late and for the wrong reasons. He is a sensitive young Luftwaffe medic (Oskar Werner) who becomes a U.S. spy out of convictions that outweigh his queasiness at being pitted momentarily against his countrymen.

Adapted by Scripser Peter Viertel from George Howe's Christopher Award-winning 1949 novel, *Call It Treason*, the picture is a bang-up job of moviemaking. To tell the story of German prisoners of war who worked as U.S. spies, Director Anatole (*The Snake Pit*) Litvak goes the semi-documentary technique one better: he uses locations in 16 German cities and towns not merely as backgrounds but as living sets to re-enact the chaos of a battered, squalid Germany in the critical winter of 1945. The canvas is broad, the de-



International
JOAN BENNETT
... a chill of alarm.

tail meticulous, the effect overwhelmingly real.

The movie also goes beneath the surface of Germany in the throes of imminent defeat. It contrasts the motives of Hero Werner ("Fighting against my people now is fighting for them") and a tough *Wehrmacht* sergeant (Hans Christian Blech) who works for the Americans ("because you're winning the war." Werner's dangerous mission behind German lines to locate the position of a *Panzer* army develops into an odyssey through the German state of mind. Tormented inwardly by reminders of his old loyalties, he finds despair, spiritual decay, flickering compassion, Nazi brutishness and remnants of a severe Prussian sense of honor.

Decision Before Dawn mirrors these moods and mentalities in some excellent German players, notably Hildegard Neff as a lonely derelict of war who has sunk into prostitution, O. E. Hasse as a colonel sternly loyal to his professional creed. Wilfried Seyfert as a virulent SS man. Apart from U.S. occupation troops cast as

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the favorite toast
of the holiday host



Dubonnet COCKTAIL
One-half Dubonnet
one-half gin; stir
with ice, strain, add
twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet STRAIGHT
Serve well chilled,
add twist of lemon
peel; no ice.



**Dubonnet "ON THE
ROCKS"**, 2 ice cubes
in old fashioned glass
fill with Dubonnet. Add
twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet and soda
ligger of Dubonnet,
juice of 1/2 lemon;
add ice cubes,
fill with soda, stir.

Cap. 1951, Dubonnet Corp., Philadelphia, Pa. Product of U.S.A.



OSKAR WERNER & HILDEGARDE NEFF
Overwhelmingly real.

wartime G.I.'s, the only Americans in the film are Gary Merrill and Richard Basehart, whose roles as U.S. intelligence officers put them in support of a fine performance by Viennese Actor Werner.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Miracle in Milan. A comic masterpiece of fantasy by Italy's Director Vittorio (The Bicycle Thief) De Sica (TIME, Dec. 17).

Quo Vadis. The costliest (\$6,500,000) movie ever made, a colossal melodramatic spectacle about Christianity v. paganism in Nero's Rome; with 30,000 extras, 63 lions, Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr (TIME, Nov. 19).

The Browning Version. Britain's Michael Redgrave, as a Mr. Chips-in-reverse, in Playwright Terence Rattigan's story of an unloved master on his way out of an English public school (TIME, Nov. 12).

Detective Story. Broadway Playwright Sidney Kingsley's account of a day in a Manhattan detective-squad room becomes an even better movie as filmed by Director William Wyler; with Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker (TIME, Oct. 29).

The Lavender Hill Mob. Alec Guinness, as an engaging master criminal, in a superior British concoction of wit and farce (TIME, Oct. 15).

An American in Paris. A buoyant, imaginative musical, full of fine dances and as compelling as its George Gershwin score; with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel, handsomely translated by Writer-Director John Huston into one of the best war films ever made; with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin (TIME, Oct. 8).

The River. Director Jean Renoir's sensitive story of an English girl growing into adolescence beside a holy river in India (TIME, Sept. 24).



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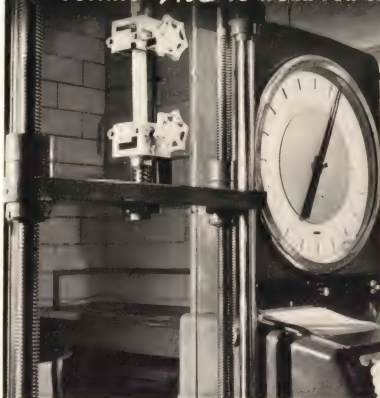
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BOOKS

Sailor, Poet, Grizzlebeard

HILAIRE BELLOC: AN ANTHOLOGY OF HIS PROSE & VERSE (283 pp.)—Selected by W. N. Roughead—Lippincott (\$3.50).

One pleasant Edwardian day, that paragon of propriety, Henry James, went down to Sussex to pay a call on G. K. Chesterton. "It was a very stately call," wrote Chesterton, with James all buttoned-up in a frock coat. Suddenly, a terrible bellying broke out and two unshaven hoboos in workers' "reach-me-downs" burst in. They had walked all the way from Dover after spending their last penny in France, but they had enough strength left to quarrel furiously—"accusing each other of having secretly washed, in violation of an implied contract between tramps." Henry James is said to have shuddered like a giant oak on finding that one of the bums was an official of the Foreign Office, the other, Chesterton's bosom friend and distinguished literary colleague, Mr. Hilaire Belloc.

Oldtimers insist that this anecdote has symbolic significance. In just such a way, they remark, did the rough & ready young Belloc, "fully armed and uttering war cries like Athena" (in the words of the *London Times*) invade "the startled, insular world of late Victorian Oxford." While he laid about him, buffeting the dons, intoning hallads and drinking songs, dominating political and religious debate, Britons soothed themselves by reflecting that he was, after all, a bit of a foreigner. For every true Briton believes at heart that whenever his peace is disturbed by uncompromising passion and brilliance, foreign blood is bound to be at the bottom of it. In Belloc's case, the tag goes: "Of course, his father was a Frenchman."

The Sussex Garden. Hilaire Belloc, now 81, has spent a long and distinguished career living up to his countrymen's expectations about hyphenated Englishmen. Though he has lived in Sussex for 46 years, he insists that he always feels like a Frenchman there, and that it is only by crossing over to France that he can feel like an Englishman. An ardent Roman Catholic, he has treated the Church of England not as a holy keystone of British tradition but as a disastrous heresy. And finally, while he has pleased the British by insisting that he is a mere "hack," he has shocked them by describing literature as a "stinking trade" and declaring:

*I'm tired of Love; I'm still more tired of Rhyme,
But Money gives me pleasure all the time.*

Yet few writers have given more for less money. Of Belloc's 100-odd volumes of prose and poetry (the first, *Verses and Sonnets*, was published in 1895) only two or three have been bestsellers. Such books as *The Path to Rome*, *Richelieu*, *Marie Antoinette*, and *Cautionary Verses* still sell well enough for Belloc to be able to

drink good French wine. But the slight look of shabbiness about his 15th Century Sussex house, King's Land, shows the slowness of the owner's purse. The furnishings of the old house have been neither changed nor moved since the death of Belloc's wife in 1914. His children and grandchildren (one of whom is a monk, another a nun) are often there with him, but Chesterton is dead and few other friends survive to fulfill his youthful vision of old age—a time, he had hoped, when

*... the men who were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.*

And Belloc, a shrunken figure who walks his garden in a black cloak, has not practiced his "stinking trade" ever since the death of his son Peter, in 1941.

The Edwardian Debate. The Belloc with whom posterity will reckon does not belong to this era at all. He belongs to those Edwardian days when the wiseacres

said of him—as they said of Churchill—that his very brilliancy would be his undoing. For Belloc could write like an angel, sail a yacht like an old salt, take to the hustings like a born politician (he was a Liberal M.P. for South Salford from 1906 to 1910). He turned out books at the rate of two or three a year—poems, novels, histories and essays of such diversity that, as early as 1905, E. C. Bentley felt obliged to write a protesting clerihew:

*Mr. Hilaire Belloc
Is a case for legislation ad hoc.
He seems to think nobody minds
His books being all of different kinds.*

At one time it seemed that, as third partner (with Chesterton and Maurice Baring) in the century's greatest debating team (with Bernard Shaw as their greatest opponent), Belloc would settle down into the role of Britain's foremost Roman Catholic apologist. He did, but he went right on behaving as perversely as ever—regularly downing two bottles of French claret at a sitting, composing rowdy songs in praise of beer, vagabondage and Rabe-

A BELLOC SAMPLER*

LINES TO A DON

Remote and ineffectual Don
That dared attack my Chesterton,
With that poor weapon, half-impelled,
Unlearned, unsteady, hardly held,
Unworthy for a tilt with men—
Your quavering and corroded pen;
Don poor at Bed and worse at Table,
Don pinched, Don starved, Don miserable;
Don stuttering, Don with roving eyes,

Don nervous, Don of crudities;
Don clerical, Don ordinary,
Don self-absorbed and solitary;
Don here-and-there, Don epileptic;
Don puffed and empty, Don dyspeptic;
Don middle-class, Don sycophantic,
Don dull, Don brutish, Don pedantic;
Don hypocritical, Don bad,
Don furtive, Don three-quarters mad;
Don (since a man must make an end),
Don that shall never be my friend . . .

EPIGRAMS

On His Books

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:
"His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

On Lady Poltagrue, a Public Peril

The Devil, having nothing else to do,
Went off to tempt My Lady Poltagrue.
My Lady, tempted by a private whim,
To his extreme annoyance, tempted him.

The Statue

When we are dead, some Hunting-boy will pass
And find a stone half-hidden in tall grass
And grey with age: but having seen that stone
(Which was your image), ride more slowly on.

On Mundane Acquaintances

Good morning, Algernon: Good morning, Percy.
Good morning, Mrs. Roebeck. Christ have mercy!

On a Dead Hostess

Of this bad world the loveliest and the best
Has smiled and said "Good Night," and gone to rest.

The False Heart

I said to Heart, "How goes it?" Heart replied:
"Right as a Ribstone Pippin!" But it lied.

*From "Sonnets and Verses"; Sheed & Ward, 1945.

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From Painting by James Gunn

CHESTERTON, BARING & BELLOC What is the best thing in the world?

lais, and penning, in *Cautionary Verses*, those cynical little masterpieces of nursery rhyme in which the jollification of well-bred children was neatly intermixed with gibes at their parents' ineffectualness:

Lord Finchley tried to mend the Electric Light

Himself. It struck him dead: And serve him right!

It is the business of the wealthy man To give employment to the artisan.

One *Man's Voices*, W. N. Routhead's anthology gives readers a glimpse of Belloc in his multifarious prime. Only a glimpse, because much of Belloc's most influential, characteristic work (e.g., his vehemently "Catholic" histories of France and England; his major assault on industrial society, *The Servile State*) could hardly be squeezed in. But present in all its glory is Belloc's great range of tone—a diversity of poetic styles that travel all the way from nimble, sarcastic diatribes against the faults of "us poor hobbling, polyketonous and betempted wretches of men" to what his friend Baring described as "grave prose like the mellow tones of a beautifully played cello."

In Belloc's best works, such as *The Path to Rome* and *The Four Men*, these varying tones are present together, chiming in and out of the lines in perfectly controlled harmony. Tragedy, humor, severity, flippancy, in Belloc's view, must go hand in hand in literature, as they do in life. So, when one of his *Four Men* puts to the others the question, "What is the best thing in the world?", the Sailor answers: "Flying at full speed . . . and keeping up hammer and thud and gasp and bleeding till the knees fail and the head goes dizzy." But the Poet says: "[The best thing in the world] is a mixture [of] great wads of unexpected money, new landscapes, and the return of old loves." To which the third man, o'd Grizzlebeard, retorts contemptu-

ously: "All you young men talk folly. The best thing in the world is sleep."

Which of these voices speaks for Belloc himself? Almost certainly, they all do. What posterity will value in him as an artist is the power to give to his writing precisely the diversity of feeling that has distinguished him as a man.

Up in the Air

THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF FLYING STORIES (464 pp.)—Edited by Paul Jensen—Simon & Schuster (\$3.95).

One day in 1844, a desperately hard-up writer named Edgar Allan Poe submitted a sensational story to the *New York Sun*. A coal-gas balloon "employing the principle of the Archimedean screw," he said, had crossed the Atlantic Ocean in three days. The gullible *Sun* splashed this fantasy over its front page; two days later it ruefully apologized.

The Poe hoax—in retrospect, guilty only of being 75 years premature—leads off this easygoing anthology of flying life and lore. Editor Jensen, a World War II fighter pilot, has rummaged high & low for a collection which should leave flying buffs cooing happily and give even the uninitiated an occasional kick.

Tom Swift & Friends. The best thing about the book is its lack of pretentiousness: Jensen has avoided high-flown speculations about the metaphysics and poetry of flight, has sensibly followed a straight chronological pattern. His opening section mixes solid historical accounts of the infancy of flying with a John Dos Passos dithyrambe (from *The Big Money*) on the Wright brothers, a pleasantly batty story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle on an

* The first airship crossing of the Atlantic came in 1910 when the British R-34 (using hydrogen instead of coal gas) took 4½ days to fly from the Firth of Forth to Mineola, Long Island.

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WINGATE & COCHRAN
Gliders would do the trick.

"air jungle" high over Britain, and a tale about Tom Swift taking his girl up, which opens with the classic line: "Oh, Tom, is it really safe?"

The second and best part, "The Gentlemen Killers," focuses on World War I. "For a short time," writes Jensen, "a rather warped form of chivalry existed which made it poor form to fire on an opponent whose guns or engine were not functioning properly." The German ace, Ernst Udet, remembers how his French peer, Georges Guynemer, refused to fire when Udet's guns jammed. And Floyd Gibbons vibrates excitedly over the death of the greatest German ace of World War I, Baron Manfred von Richthofen.

Combat & Psychology. After the war came an era of reckless barnstorming and adventuring. Editor Jensen has unaccountably omitted the most vivid snapshot of that era, William Faulkner's *Death Drag*. But he has snagged some other good things: Anne Lindbergh reminisces about a weird Alaskan flight; Antoine de Saint-Exupéry describes a Patagonian cyclone; and James Thurber, in his wonderful story, *The Greatest Man in the World*, draws a satiric profile of Pal Smurch, the cocky little urchin who flew nonstop around the world—the adulation went to his head so badly that he had to be pushed out the window.

Somewhat surprisingly, the stories about World War II flying make dull reading, perhaps because aerial combat had become so formalized that one account seems pretty much like another. But Editor Jensen has dug up two first-rate items for his closing sections. *Some Like You* is a poignant sketch of battle fear by Roald Dahl, a onetime R.A.F. pilot. And in *The Three Secrets of Flight*, Wolfgang Langewiesche, a onetime test-pilot, offers a superbly lucid discussion of the psychological adjustments men must make to survive in the air.

With Flip in Burma

BACK TO MANDALAY (320 pp.)—Lowell Thomas—Greystone (\$3.50).

What licked the Japs in North Burma? The British like to think that in great part it was the jungle work of His Majesty's guerrilla genius, Major General Orde C. Wingate, who did such a good job of mauling supply lines that the Japanese later died on the vine. In *Back to Mandalay*, Lowell Thomas concedes that Wingate was a genius, but he strongly implies that it was the U.S. Army Air Forces which showed Wingate how to do his job. *Back to Mandalay* is Thomas' story of how a crack team of U.S. airmen, in effect, put wings on Wingate's raiders, made his final campaign in North Burma "an air show" and stole the show from the British.

The U.S. air team was headed by Colonel Philip Cochran, better known as the prototype of Flip Corkin in the comic strip *Terry and the Pirates*.^{*} When Cochran reached India in 1943, Wingate's expedition had been called off for lack of transport planes. Cochran calmly announced that this was no problem; gliders would do the trick. Through and sometimes over Wingate's persistent doubts, Cochran reconstructed the tactics of the campaign.

Author Thomas tells a good story, especially when he is describing with veteran skill the wild night in March 1944 when the glider-borne attackers landed behind the Jap lines. The pity is that, after giving the Americans their due, he had relatively little room left to tell the story of the British and Empire troops—whose bitter work began when the gliders rolled to a stop.

* And who is currently busy, as a civilian, preparing training films for the Air Force.

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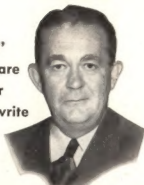
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Master of Kittery Point

SIR WILLIAM PEPPERRELL
First American Baronet

From the windows of his mansion at Kittery Point, William Pepperrell, richest man in Maine, could see his ships departing and arriving from the West Indies and Europe. The house, now privately owned, was built by Pepperrell's father in 1682 and was "one of the most magnificent provincial residences" of its day.

Besides being a merchant and shipbuilder, Pepperrell took an active part in politics and was an officer in the



Sir William Pepperrell at the battle of Louisbourg

militia. Although he had no legal training, the governor appointed him chief justice of the colony when the incumbent was removed for political reasons. Reversing the usual order, after his appointment Pepperrell set about studying law.

His principal exploit was commanding an expedition in 1745 against the Canadian stronghold Louisbourg, one of France's most important fortifications. In recognition of his efforts in bringing the siege to a successful conclusion, George II made him a baronet, an honor never before conferred on any native American.

Sir William was proud of his success but his overwhelming ambition to have his name perpetuated failed of fulfillment. Of his four children, Andrew, the only son to reach maturity, was engaged to Hannah Waldo but postponed the marriage date several times presumably because of ill health. When the wedding day finally arrived, in the presence of the assembled guests, the bride called off the ceremony because of the mortification she had been caused. The grief-stricken Andrew died shortly thereafter.

After Sir William's death in 1759 the property passed to his daughter's son William Sparhawk on condition that he take the name Pepperrell. As he was a Loyalist he fled to England when the Revolution broke out.

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Trilby at Work. In South Bend, Ind., *Tribune* Reporter Harry Schaudt apologized to his city editor for his scanty coverage of a Shrine dinner: he had volunteered as a subject for hypnosis, slept soundly through most of the affair.

Power Politics. In Pahokee, Fla., Mayor Lewis Friend explained how he happened to shoot his fellow hunter, Town Councilman D. W. Cunningham, who had selected a tree as a handy observation post: "I mistook his polka-dot shirt for a turkey gobbler."

Bourgeois Weakness. In Budapest, Hungary, after two factory nursery-school directors tried to buy chamber pots at a government store and were told that only unsuitable Japanese flower vases would be available until next year, the trade-union paper *Nepszava* angrily commented: "The small children of the nursery are in no position at all to wait until January for the pots."

Parlay. In Detroit, after Duane Hunter, 11, told how he had run a \$30 stake up to \$2,805 at the horse races, the judge ordered him to sink all his winnings in U.S. defense bonds.

Safety in Numbers. In Yokohama, Japan, the U.S. Army's Christmas Shopping Service got an order for eight identical evening bags from an infantry private in Korea, with instructions to send them to eight girls in the U.S., along with the message: "I will love you always."

Pause in the Program. In Seattle, 48 years after falling ill with scarlet fever, State Senator Victor Zednick attended a reunion of the Broadway High School, finally delivered the valedictorian address to the class of '03.

Rock & Rye. In Pekin, Ill., Tavern Owner Julius Barnes invited the jury to drinks on the house after it acquitted him of drunkenness, even though five cops swore that Barnes had taken one too many before he tried, with a hammer, chisel and ice tongs, to steal the old City Hall's 800-lb. cornerstone, which was rumored to contain a quart of 1884 whisky.

Matching Ensemble. In Carson City, Nev., after a trusty made off with one of the state prison's red trucks, sold its load of farm equipment, and stopped for several drinks before abandoning it, Warden Arthur Bernard ordered the prison rolling stock repainted with large black & white stripes.

To All, a Good Night. In Milford, Mass., not a creature was stirring in the Red Shutter Restaurant, except someone who journeyed to its Nativity scene, made off with a candle, two angels, a pair of camels, two Wise Men.

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guest
for the
holidays



WHAT more warmly welcomed guest at holiday time than Old Grand-Dad—"Head of the Bourbon Family"? Cherished by good friends both near and far, Old Grand-Dad brings them your best wishes in a handsome decanter.

One sip, and Old Grand-Dad says—here's as fine a Kentucky straight bourbon as ever passed a man's lips. Matured in new charred oak casks for silent sleeping years, then bottled in bond, Old Grand-Dad is a gift you can be proud to give—and happy to receive.

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